Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

The Art of Being Outshone	*Atlantic*	865
Who Sets Fashions — And How?	*Review of Reviews*	868
England Going Sober	*World's Work*	871
An East Side Mother	*American Mercury*	875
Salvation by Information	*North American Review*	878
Government by Acreage	*Plain Talk*	881
The Spirit of Modern Art	*Architectural Forum*	884
A Merchant Looks at Medicine	*Survey*	887
The Shadow of Censorship	*Atlantic*	890
Europe's Babbitry	*Outlook*	893
Let's Not Wear Them!	*New Republic*	896
Hetty Green — Witch of Wall Street	*Mentor*	897
Reflections of a New Citizen	*McCall's*	900
Radio Dons Working Clothes	*Nation's Business*	903
The King's English	*Bookman*	906
Big Changes Ahead!	*American*	909
Why Labor Fears Science	*Realist*	912
Today's Paper	*Technology Review*	915
Turkey in Transition	*World Tomorrow*	918
The World Must Outlaw Noise	*Popular Science*	921
Not by Profit Alone	*Printer's Ink*	924
Father Power's Grave at Malden	*America*	927
Miracles at Malden	*Nation*	929
In Praise of Discontent	*Ladies' Home Journal*	931
Cheese Preferred	*Collier's*	933
Science in Pursuit of Crime	*Nation*	936
Sanctions of Peace	*Christian Century*	939
Shall We Let Our Children Fly?	*Parents' Magazine*	942
Why Be a Failure at Learning?	*Independent Woman*	945
Serving with Soldier Elephants	*American Boy*	948
Overproduction?	*Plain Talk*	951
Talk of the Town	*New Yorker*	952
This Ever-Changing Business World	*Business Week*	955
Repartee	*Contributions by Readers*	958

EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

FEBRUARY, 1930

25c a Copy $3.00 a Year

The Origin of "Lynching"

AN EMPTY house in Ireland was pointed out to us as of horrible significance. The house had been occupied by a righteous and stern judge named Lynch, who had passed sentence of death upon his own son brought as a criminal before his court. When Judge Lynch realized that the duly accredited officials were unwilling to carry out the death penalty and were hesitating beyond the time the law allowed, the Judge himself hung the wayward boy "by the neck until he died" from the second story window in his own house. Judge Lynch performed this stern duty with his own judicial hand, so anxious was he that no softness should intervene in carrying out a righteous decision. And yet so penetrating was the final verdict of the people, that the name of Lynch has become ineradicably associated, not with the stern, uncompromising carrying out of judicial procedure, as might have been anticipated, but with the violence which ignores all legal processes and has become the accepted designation of the acts of a mob which takes the law into its own hands. It seems on the face of it unfair that the word lynching should have sprung from the name of one who so sternly respected the law.

Did the simple people among whom this first use of the word originated instinctively understand that self-righteousness is responsible for the most subtle forms of lawlessness; that law and order, when preserved at the expense of just dealing, often defeat the very purposes for which courts were established? — JANE ADDAMS in *Survey Graphic.*

Announcing an "Origins" Contest

Readers are invited to submit explanations of the origin of any words (including slang) or familiar expressions. Five dollars will be paid for each contribution printed. Be sure to follow instructions on page 94.

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC.
Pleasantville, New York

EDITORS

DeWitt Wallace *Lila Bell Acheson* *Ralph E. Henderson* *Clifford West Sellers*

Published Monthly, 25c a copy; $3.00 a Year (Foreign, $3.25)
Two-Year Subscription, $5.00 (Foreign, $5.50)
(No extra charge to Canada)

Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Pleasantville, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879
Additional entry at Post Office, Concord, N. H. Copyright, 1930, The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A., BY RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.

The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines, in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Eighth Year FEBRUARY 1930 Vol. 8, No. 94

The Art of Being Outshone

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (December, '29)

Edgar J. Goodspeed
Professor of Theology at Chicago University

SOMEBODY is forever sending me literature about how to shine at dinners and in the social circle generally. It seems that there are books full of anecdotes, repartees, and bright remarks, which if memorized and opportunely remembered, are supposed to enliven these occasions. The master of these books dazzles and entertains every circle he enters. Murmurs of admiration attend his brilliant sallies. He is the life of the party.

Others, it appears, just as good as he, go home depressed and disheartened. They have not shone. Their minds, destitute of the thousand epigrams of the master spirits, have contributed nothing brilliant to the conversation.

It is evident from the amount and tone of this literature that one must shine to be happy. Without shining, life is not worth while. One is a failure, and might as well give up.

Of course we all know the conversational superman; he has been with us since boyhood, to which period of development he properly belongs. He is always capping your modest contributions with something bigger. If you have slain your thousands, he has slain his tens of thousands. You mention that you are to speak in Freeport; he says that they had previously asked him. You tell how long it took you to drive a certain route; his time was better by hours.

Such men are not liars, even though they exaggerate. They are great hearty boys who have never learned the art of being outshone.

Their fish are always bigger, their scores lower, their losses greater, their winnings larger, their operations dreadfuler than yours.

What a good thing it is that there are no such women! Yet this may seem to have an ungracious ring; which reminds us: Let us now praise gracious women, the noble army of hostesses and dinner partners who listen patiently and with interest marvelously sustained — or simulated — to your interminable anecdotes and expositions, which are often no better than the thousand best efforts of the world's master minds, to say the least.

A distinguished editor, on being asked on what principle he chose the articles that he printed, said that if a thing was so absorbing that a man would stop eating his roast beef to listen to it, he thought it worth publishing. No fairer description of prandial achievement can well be framed. And yet, with hundreds of thousands of copies of the select epigrams of the master minds flying about and equipping the most ordinary people overnight to hold dinner tables spellbound, even the roast-beef test may fail. To have the art, literature, history, politics, and business of the world on the tip of your tongue (What a tongue, to have such a tip!) may deceive even the elect into supposing that you know something about them. Better not make any pauses, — except for the guaranteed murmurs of admiration, — else some dull, malicious fellow may ask a disconcerting question. For safety's sake a good dashing transition, suitable for switching any conversation to a new topic, should always be taken along, as a kind of conversational parachute, in case your gas fails.

But imagine the dinner table at which two accomplished possessors of the thousand epigrams should meet! The imagination reels at the picture. Gastronomically, the dinner would of course be a failure, for no one would have a moment's attention to give to the food. One would inevitably get the jump upon the other at the start, and then, pausing presently for the inevitable murmur of admiration, would be dismayed to hear the other strike in with some apposite observation of Josh Billings or Hippocrates, and feel the spotlight fading from his brow. Can he regain it? His adversary is forewarned by now, and, if he knows his stuff, will give him no further chance, but rather a much-needed lesson in the Art of Being Outshone.

Despite the advertisements, there is no reason to go home from a party unhappy because we have not done all the talking. To monopolize conversation is a thing no civilized man should ever want to do. Psychologists suggest

that it is really better for our mental health to do a good deal of listening. Experienced diners-out, with a large and quick turnover, will certainly confirm this, telling tonight the best things they heard last night, but keeping silent long enough to pick up a few new trifles for tomorrow, when they hope to encounter new guests to try them on.

Such is, we believe, the democratic way of life, but it is not the way of conversational crammers. They are unhappy except when lecturing; they are strangers to the joyful activity of the inter-creative mind. But how much better, really, to match wits with some table companion, until some new phase of common experience or interpretation emerges, to the general joy! A far better thing this than lecturing each other alternate evenings, you tonight, I tomorrow night!

The lecturers are doomed to starvation. They merely recite their little Odyssey until they are exhausted, and when rested up recite it over again, never giving themselves any chance to take in new ideas. It is comforting to reflect upon this righteous law of conversational compensations.

To me the most interesting thing about the world is the people who live in it. Wonderful as is the material world, is it any more wonderful than that a man can carry in his mind an image, however imperfect, of it? Every person carries a world about with him of his own creation or, at least, discovery. Everybody is, in short, a kind of peripatetic Atlas bearing a world upon his shoulders. Yet most of them do not find the task burdensome. They are more like people carrying balloons. This is certainly a better figure, for some are plainly buoyed up by their world. These balloons are of very different sizes, so that while one is hardly visible, another fills the whole sky. But, you will say, this means endless collisions between rival universes. And of course that is precisely what is constantly taking place, unless one knows how to handle his private universe with good taste and good manners. They are also of different densities and colors — black, blue, gray, brown, rose, yellow, purple, and orange. Everyone is very sensitive about his particular one; nobody likes to have any liberties taken with his universe. And how fortunate it is that they are really or nearly invisible! Otherwise we should all be too often and too palpably outshone.

Who Sets Fashions—and How?

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (January, '30)

Franklin S. Clark

"PLEASE, Miss, would you mind having your picture taken wearing this?"

The scene is Park Avenue about five years ago. The cameraman has a bantering way that implies it's a sporting proposition. Out of his pocket he whisks a veil. The débutante laughingly puts it on, and is photographed.

This is a passage from the drama of fashion. The cameraman was working for a publicity agency which had been commissioned by a large veil manufacturer to try to make veils popular again. In six months the cameraman got several hundred pictures of well-known society girls wearing veils into the rotogravure sections. Fashion writers were inspired. Advertising was done. Leading department stores were induced to stock veils. But, in this case, the effort failed. Bobbed haired, short-skirted women simply refused to wear veils.

More successful was the flick that Princess Elizabeth, granddaughter of King George and Queen Mary, gave to the whirligig of style last April. Decked out in a new yellow dress, she went for a walk with her nurse in Hyde Park. Within a few hours exact descriptions of her frock, made by experienced style observers, were cabled to fashion experts in Paris, New York, in Kansas City and Seattle. Soon little girls in yellow, and older ones, too, blossomed like dandelions all over the world. Harassed manufacturers rushed to produce yellow goods. The Monday following Princess Elizabeth's walk, a silk mill in Paterson, New Jersey, sent 1000 pieces of gray goods to the dyers to be dyed yellow. Cotton mills in Manchester and Fall River were similarly affected.

Fashion, as one of the most important instruments in mass selling, now applies not only to clothes, but to almost every article going into American homes. It is applied to radiators, plumbing fixtures, kitchen utensils, beverages, and packaged foods. At present the soft drink market is practically dominated by two brands of pale "dry" ginger ale; one is described as "the champagne of ginger ales," and the other is put up in a champagne bottle. Yet 25 years ago a manufacturer who tried to market pale ginger ale merely as an excellent ginger ale found no demand for it.

A catchup manufacturer whose bottle had become a familiar object to two generations was losing business. He was advised to discard the old bottle and substitute one of modernistic design. The bottle was altered almost beyond recognition, but sales jumped forward almost immediately.

The whole consuming public seems to be thoroughly style-conscious. Paris *couturiers* are being employed to "style" watches and automobiles; heads of schools of applied design to create gas ranges. The manufacturers of kitchen utensils strive to make housewives conscious of the importance of the "ensemble effect" in their kitchens. Out with the old paring knife with its handle of any old color; and in with one that has a handle of Chinese red to fit in with the modish red and white kitchen.

Is the economic waste, in the form of old knives thrown away, excusable, or isn't it? The manufacturer sells more knives, so he doesn't worry. And economists would concede that if the housewife gets satisfaction from her color scheme, the color has its economic value. Yet of course it costs a lot more to run a kitchen that way.

It's all a part of a civilization that possesses more and more through mass production. Here and there an individualist raves because he would prefer to see a few trees remain green when the others turn. But that is inconceivable. Like the frost, style comes all at once.

Style is much less a directed force than it was 20 years ago. Then its application was confined to women's garments, and what the *haut couture* of Paris decreed was seldom questioned. Manufacturers usually had time to prepare for new styles in those days.

Paris still exerts a strong influence. But no longer does it monopolize style. Just now Paris has decreed, and women have accepted, longer skirts, "femininity," and corsets. Gone is the boyish, jazzy kid, say the fashion writers. Her place is being taken by a softer, more subtly seductive, truly feminine type. But Paris made that identical decree last year, and the year before, and the year before. This year women were ready to accept. For how long they will accept — or how extensively — are questions that remain to be answered. At this writing there are more long skirts in the stores than on the streets. Corset factories are humming. But how long will they hum?

As things now stand, Europe has most to do with creating styles, and America with accepting or rejecting them. In Europe, quantity production is less advanced than here, and hence it is

possible to experiment with a large number of designs. To test the appeal of the new and unusual is less expensive there. Fashion is more flexible.

In America all sorts of industries have to watch women's fashions closely. Colors fashionable for clothes are often reflected in automobile colors. It is a strange mating, this of fashion, with its chameleon-like changes, and the clumsy colossus of the automobile industry. I know the case of a manufacturer who believes that the adoption of an unusual new color scheme might win his cars a considerable increase in sales. He now faces a serious problem: to adopt the new colors would require changes in the arrangement of his enameling shops that would take six months to carry out. Within that time the demands of fashion may have changed to other colors. He would pay handsomely for specific information on what colors will be stylish a year hence. But such information does not exist.

Again, prevailing styles in women's clothes suggested that gorgeously flowered upholstery might be well received in automobiles. Upon testing it out in use, however, it was found that it was not appropriate because the up and down movement of the car in motion made upholstery with such patterns tiring to the eyes.

Certainly one of the broad effects of fashion is that it is tending to raise the common level of taste. It is possible that at the same time it is vulgarizing standards of taste in high places. But that is debatable. Good design is being incorporated in automobiles, vacuum cleaners, and double boilers, because that is one factor that has been found to help an article win style acceptance.

Articles of esthetic worth are being spread among the multitudes. Multi-millioned vulgarians in the '90's had diamonds set in their own and their dogs' front teeth. Now the demand for diamonds has been seriously affected by the increased consumption of fashionable costume jewelry. Amber is fashionable for earrings that sell for $3.89. A really beautiful carnelian bracelet may be had for $14.96. And if anyone tries to tell you that these things are vulgar just because they are comparatively inexpensive, and that the butcher's wife can afford them — and probably does — that person doesn't read the fashion magazines!

England Going Sober

Condensed from The World's Work (January, '30)

Rheta Childe Dorr

LIQUOR reform began in Great Britain in the earliest days of the War, at an hour when practically all European countries, in the interests of food conservation, were forced to limit the manufacture of intoxicants. Conditions which forced the British government in 1915 to take control of the liquor trade were principally brought about by the selfish obtuseness of workingmen. With wages at a high level, a great many workers — particularly in the Clyde, Tyne, and Barrow districts — were content to work part time, forsake their jobs, seek the nearest public house, and there drink themselves into a stupor.

The situation became so appalling that the whole country cried out for relief, especially when the news came that the hard-pressed army in Flanders was suffering frightful losses because supplies were failing to reach the front lines in time. The government therefore appointed an extraordinary commission, the Central Control Board, composed of men of the highest caliber, and gave this Board such powers as to make them absolute masters of the liquor traffic.

Armed with despotic powers, the Board proceeded to execute them with tact and discretion but with perfect firmness. First, hours of sale were curtailed. Before the war public houses were usually open from six A.M. until close to midnight. The Board at one stroke reduced the hours of sale all over the kingdom to five and a half a day. Until noon not a drop of liquor could be bought or sold anywhere. At two-thirty every week day the public houses closed their doors and were allowed to open them again only from six till nine in the evening.

Thus it was impossible for workmen to purchase a drink before performing a full morning's work; nor could they slip out for a mid-afternoon schooner of beer. The short evening hours sent them home early. Even exclusive city clubs were put under the same regulations. Nowhere, unless one had a private cellar, could one buy liquor except around mealtime. Everyone knows that alcohol taken with food is far less intoxicating than when taken on an empty stomach.

Britain began to be miraculously sober, especially after measures were instituted for the

dilution of beer and spirits and after mounting taxation caused prices to soar. Convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales went down from 183,828 in 1914 to 29,075 in 1918. The splendid canteen system developed in connection with all war industries was another factor in the campaign for sobriety, for it was shown that the heaviest drinking occurred among workmen who could not get warm and nutritious food.

It was this discovery which led to the most permanently valuable experiment in liquor control undertaken by the Board, the Carlisle scheme of disinterested management. This experiment outlasted the war and has been continued with such striking results that what is now widely known as the Carlisle Plan forms the basis on which Great Britain's future liquor-control system will be founded.

In the autumn of 1915 the government entered upon vast construction works around Gretna, in southern Scotland — the little hamlet known to the world as a runaway-marriage post. The whole district was involved because 16,000 workers had to be quartered there. Most of the men belonged to the navvy class, or what we should call unskilled casual labor. They were a rough lot, free from all home restrictions, with more money coming in each week than most of them had ever possessed; and naturally they drank.

Every evening in Carlisle, and especially every week-end, witnessed wild and brutal orgies. Newspaper correspondents sent to survey conditions reported them bad beyond precedent.

It was plain that restrictions applied to other parts of the country, drastic as they were, would not suffice for these abnormal conditions. Fortunately the Board's powers were wide enough to cope with the extraordinary situation.

A sudden, autocratic prohibition of all liquor would have halted production by strikes and labor troubles. So instead of closing the public houses the Board simply bought them all outright and took over the management of the whole liquor trade over an area of 500 square miles. Next, the Board proceeded to close down three of the five breweries, the wine departments of all groceries, and about half of all the public houses. In Carlisle alone 50 of the 119 drinking places were immediately suppressed.

The next move was to establish an entirely new type of public house, a tavern where the best of food could be had at a moderate cost, and with it beer. The first new refreshment house, the Gretna Tavern, was no shoddy affair, but a permanent and very

beautiful inn, as English in character as architects and decorators could make it, with small tables for dining, a piano, a talking machine, and many conveniences in the way of retiring rooms.

The Board proceeded to convert the pubs throughout the whole district into taverns providing good and cheap meals, with beer but very little spirits. In most of the inns the bar was either absent or very inconspicuous. It was never a broad counter, where men could lounge while they drank, but a glassed-off recess with bartenders who could be summoned by pressing a bell. The Idea was to discourage quick drinking without food, and to induce men to regard taverns less as places for drinking than as recreation centers — places to spend an evening with talk and pipes and a minimum of alcohol.

The program was difficult, for the attitude of the British workman toward his beer differs widely from that of his Continental confrere. The British workman does not want to take his wife, and sip and gossip. He wants to lean against a bar and take his beer straight. He does not want his women around. The navvies patronized the new taverns only because there was nowhere else to go. They heartily disapproved of the large and airy rooms. Very sensibly the Board considered these criticisms, and in the newer taverns they made cozy bar parlors with partitions between.

As managers of the taverns the Board employed former proprietors, paying them salaries and a commission, not on drink but on all the food they sold. Their instructions were never to push the sale of liquor, never to advertise or display it, never to suggest that it was good for a cold or for bad weather; in short, to sell drink only as it was demanded. They were forbidden to sell to a man obviously the worse for liquor, to sell on credit, or to permit treating. On the other hand, attractive posters advertising the day's food menu were displayed.

By these means, drunkenness was reduced to a minimum, and the controlled area was restored to a condition of order and sobriety which it had not known since the war began.

Then came the armistice, and with it the demand for removal of war restrictions. At the same time, nobody wanted to lose what the Board had built up in the way of sobriety during the war years. Shortened hours of sale, and increased cost of liquor were continued, and these things have plainly had their effect.

The English are proud of their record since the war, but they are by no means satisfied. The average workman still spends a fourth or a fifth of the family budget on drink.

More and more the English are looking to the Carlisle scheme as their ultimate solution of the liquor problem. Disinterested management means that every penny of profit goes to the government, and that liquor is never advertised nor sold by high-powered salesmanship.

I have visited every type of tavern around Carlisle. The Irish Gate and Bluebell, patronized largely by factory employes, bore no resemblance, I admit, to Y. M. C. A. assemblies, for in both the smoke was thick and the enjoyment of the patrons in their tankards was hearty. But many men were in easy chairs merely listening to a radio concert through headphones. In the women's rooms I saw old ladies gossiping blissfully over mugs of stout, but many others were drinking hot soup, a specialty pushed by the taverns at a penny a cup.

From what I saw in Carlisle I understand why both the prohibitionists and the liquor interests hate this system. It is a real temperance, and neither have any use for temperance.

What most interests the English, however, is that Carlisle has shaken off the strangle hold of the liquor interests, which in Great Britain are far more powerful than they ever were in the United States. The brewers and distillers are immensely rich aristocrats. The trade's influence in the House of Lords is almost without limit. It is the boast of the brewers that they possess the most powerful political caucus in England. How to get rid of this octopus has been the question which has halted every effort at liquor reform in Great Britain.

The first step in that direction was made in 1921 when the so-called Oxford Bill was introduced in the House of Lords. Under its provisions England will be divided into polling areas of at least 50,000 population, the people in each area having the right to choose, at designated intervals, how liquor shall be distributed in their districts. There will be three possibilities: (1) No change; (2) disinterested public ownership — the Carlisle plan; (3) no license — that is, prohibition. Every fourth year the people will be given a right to revise their choice. If at first they vote no change they can later elect disinterested management, or prohibition. But once they have voted any change away from the present system they can never return to the privately owned public house.

Although voted down in 1921, the Oxford Bill has powerful supporters. It seems extremely likely that England is about ready to look for relief from her liquor problem in disinterested public ownership — the Carlisle plan.

An East Side Mother

Condensed from The American Mercury (November, '29)

Michael Gold
Editor of "New Masses"

MY hard-working, funny little East Side mother! How can I ever forget that dark little woman with bright eyes, who hobbled about all day in bare feet, cursing in Elizabethan Yiddish, using the words ladies do not use, smacking us, beating us, fighting with her neighbors, helping her neighbors, busy from morn to midnight in the tenement struggle for life.

She was humble and liked to call herself a work horse. But she was also a buttinsky. She tried to reform everybody, and fought people because they were "bad." She spoke her mind freely, and told everyone exactly where the path of duty lay. She was always engaged in some complicated ethical brawl, and my father had to listen to all the details.

Also, she was always finding people who needed her help. She helped them for days, weeks and months, with money, food, advice and the work of her hands. She was a midwife in many hasty births, a nurse in sickness, a peacemaker in family battles. When a woman fell sick, the distracted husband appealed to my mother; and for weeks she'd drop in twice a day, to cook the meals, and scrub the floors, and bathe the children, to joke, gossip, scold, love, to scatter her strength and goodness in the dark home. It would have shocked her if anyone had offered to pay for these services. It was simply something that had to be done for a neighbor.

I have often seen her help families who were evicted because they could not pay their rent. She wrapped herself in her old shawl, and went begging through the tenements for pennies. Puffing with her bronchitis, she dragged herself up and down the steep landings of a hundred tenements, telling the sad tale with new emotion each time. This begging is an old custom on the East Side, whenever a family is to be evicted.

My poor father, worrying over his own load of American troubles, had to listen to the tremendous details of all these tragedies. My mother could discover so many sick people. And so many bad people who needed to be fought. No wonder my father drank beer. No wonder he grabbed his head between his hands, and groaned:

"Stop! you give me a headache! I can't listen any more!"

"It is not your head, but your selfishness!" retorted my mother.

"But for God's sake," pleaded my father, "haven't we enough troubles of our own? You're like a man with consumption who has to go skating so that he can break his leg, too."

My mother was opposed to the Italians, Irish, Germans and every other variety of Christian with whom we were surrounded. "They hate and kill the Jews," she said, her eyes flashing. "They may seem friendly to us to our faces, but behind our backs they laugh at us. I know them well. I have seen them in Hungary."

My father sat one evening reading a Yiddish newspaper, and came across an account of a bad railroad accident in which 17 people were killed. He was greatly excited by the tragedy, which he attributed to the carelessness of the rich American railroads. My mother also was horrified. She wiped her boiling face with her apron and muttered: "God help us and shield us! Were there any Jews among the dead?"

My father glanced rapidly through the list of names. "No," he said, "only Christians were killed."

My mother sighed with relief. She went back to her kitchen. She was no longer interested.

Still, my mother was incapable of real hatred. She had, in fact, many warm friends among our Italian and Irish neighbors. She was somewhat apologetic about it. "These are not like other Christians," she would say, "these are good people." How, indeed, could she resist another human being in trouble?

Betsy was an Italian woman who lived in the next tenement. Her husband was in jail for murder — he had shot his brother in a sudden passionate quarrel. Betsy had no friends, and could speak only Italian. So my mother visited her, and through sheer sympathy, learned a kind of pigeon-Italian.

My mother helped Betsy find a shop that would give her basting work to do at home. And Betsy worshiped her. In the midst of her dreadful miseries she found time to knit a large beautiful red shawl of wool as a surprise for my mother. She brought it in one night, and cried and jabbered excitedly in Italian, and kissed my mother's hands. And my mother cried, and kissed her, too. We could not understand what they were saying, but my mother kept repeating in Yiddish: "*Ach*, what a good woman this is!" She treasured this shawl and liked to show it to everyone, and tell how Betsy made it. It was worth over $10, more than Betsy earned in a week. It had taken weeks of weary overtime nights to make it. Such gifts are worthy of being treasured.

An Irish family lived on the top floor. Mr. O'Brien was a truckdriver, a tall gloomy giant with a red face as hard as shark-leather. He used to come home from work stamping up the stairs and scowling at us.

"Get the hell out of my way! You're thick as bedbugs," he muttered, and we scattered from under the feet of this ferocious great Christian.

His wife was a soft, sad mountain of flesh waddling around under perpetual baskets of laundry. This couple was one of the scandals of the tenement. Night after night the anguished screams of the Irish mother would come down the airshaft. Her husband was drunk and beating her.

"No, no, Jack, don't!" she screamed. "You'll frighten the boy."

The couple had a mysterious child whom nobody had ever seen. The mother always mentioned him in these brutal dramas.

"Tuh hell with the boy! Tuh hell with everything!" Crash! he had knocked her down over a table. We could hear her whimpering. "Jack! The neighbors will hear!" And his deep voice: "Tuh hell with the kikes! I'll set fire to the damn house and make the sheenies run like rats!"

My mother, ever an agitator, led a campaign to force the landlord to put this couple out. But one afternoon, who should come bursting into my mother's kitchen, pale and stammering, but the Irish washerlady.

"Quick, my boy is choking to death! Help me!"

My mother, without a word, sped like a fireman up the stairs, and helped the child. It had swallowed a fish bone, and my mother, expert and brave in such emergencies, got it out. Then she had a long, intimate talk with the Irish mother. That night she said to my father:

"She is a good woman. Her husband beats her, but she is sorry for him. He is not a bad man. He is only sad."

"*Gottenu!*" my father groaned in disgust with female logic. "I hope he beats you, too!"

"He was a farmer in Ireland," my mother went on dreamily. "He hates the city life here, but they are too poor to move to the country. And their boy has been sick for years, and all their money goes for doctors, so that's why he drinks and beats her, but her heart bleeds for him."

"Enough!" said my father, clutching his hair. "Enough, or I will go mad!"

"But there is so much misery in the world!" said my mother.

Salvation by Information

Condensed from The North American Review (January, '30)

Hughes Mearns
Professor of Education, New York University

THE teachers of my boyhood days were unanimous in certain beliefs. One of these was that future economic and social salvation were not to be had save by learning to spell. I have never been able to spell, yet my failure has not interfered in the slightest with my career as a teacher and writing man. Our teachers assured us also, with benumbing solemnity, that Blank's American history must be committed to memory, so many facts a day. Since that time I have worked under experts in the sources of American history, and I know now that Blank's book is a bit of presumptuous ignorance.

As very small tots we had to know the distinction between the *tibia* and the *fibula;* how many gills to the gallon; the number of *minims* in a *scruple*, and a mass of ticklish information about surveyor's roods, chains, and perches which, to my amazement as a child, I discovered surveyors had long since discarded. History and literature were a memorization of dates and titles. Geography was almost wholly statistical. Hundreds of pupils were laid low by failure. Only those who could hold a page of strange, haphazard information together for a brief period were able to go on. Eventually the members of this type were selected out and graduated; many of these became teachers, thus perpetuating the system.

Often, it seemed to the students, education was simply a battle. I recall one horrible day when our whole class (of 12- and 13-year-olds) proved shamefully ignorant of both *metonymy* and *synecdoche*. Battling through the class, the teacher finally reached such a state of terrific indignation that to this day I cannot recall it without guilty terror. I remember now my dry throat and incessant swallowings. How I longed for a drink; but who would have dared in that tragic hour to beg a truce in the furious battle to secure a cooling draft of water! As a result of that day, I can even now recite: "*Metonymy* -is-the-container -for-a-thing-contained-as-when -one-says-the-kettle-boils-when-one-does-not-mean-that-the-kettle-boils-but-that-the-water-in -the-kettle-boils."

The school system prided itself on maintaining a high and difficult standard. The standard was neither. Advancement was per-

mitted only to lads with verbal memories, and these lads found the standards both low and easy.

The thing still goes on, of course; schools still hope to save souls by functionless information. Changes are being made, but every change is contested by those who believe that children are to be saved by having a verbal memory. Woe unto the pupil who tries to think!

Recently I looked into an English room where a bewildered ten-year-old was trying to explain the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive*. The principal of the school joined us; he watched kindly while the boy floundered, gave up, and flopped into his seat. "Why," I asked, "in these enlightened days, do you insist upon such useless hairsplittings?" "Secondary Board Examinations," he explained; "the boy's parents insist that he go to a fashionable prep school, which requires that and a hundred other obsolete 'facts.'" Then he lifted the boy immensely by remarking with a warming smile, "It may help you, Charles, to know that I do not know myself what is the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive!*"

During the past 25 years a revolt against this senseless cramming process has been going on among sensitive, intelligent parents. The revolters have gone quietly to work to build their own schools and to acquire their own staffs. In the past decade or two they have contributed over $20,000,000. They have made huge sacrifices, cheered by the thought that they could give their children an education freed from senseless daily torture.

Under the general title of Progressive Schools the new schools have gradually become known to the world at large. Of enormous significance to public education, the leaders of this quiet movement have dared expose their children to a practical application of the best modern thinking in education. They have deliberately cast off the theory of salvation solely by book-information and have substituted a faith in the native desire of childhood for genuine learning, faith in its abilities, in its fine ambitions to achieve, in its undoubted high ideals.

For that faith they have had already ample justification. The normal child, they have proved, is naturally a hard worker. He is eager to know and to study. He will bend himself willingly to drudgery, as do all sensible adults, when the end is comprehended as profitable. He has taste and judgment and will grow in the possession of these desirables if given the right chances. And his ideals put us practical and compromising elders daily to shame.

What the public school could not do, caught in the terrific machinery of tradition, what the private schools dared not do, fearful of losing their clientèle and those necessary tuition fees, these progressive schools have done courageously. And they have told of their efforts in a host of books and pamphlets which constitute the most stirring and provocative reading on education that can be found in our day.

But what about you, desperate parent, for whose children no progressive school is available? You whose daughter is memorizing (in the glorious name of Science!) the names of the 88 chemical elements, from *argon* to *zirconium*, with symbol, atomic weight, and valency of each? You whose child is sitting up at night writing interminable lists of predicate nouns found in *Evangeline*? You whose little lad comes home from his first experience of school depressed beyond your consoling by a "failure" in so-called "English" when you know, in your hours of intimate communion with him, that he has a finer sense of language than any mere gerund-grinder may ever discover? What are you to do whose needs are immediate?

The answer, alas, is in the future. One can not in an hour revivify a social institution that is failing to put forth leaf and bud in due season. The only answer, hard as it may seem, is to unite with those who are stirring the sensitive and intelligent parents of this country to a sense of new needs. Look into the New Education Fellowship, whose international conferences are making a world issue of education. Join the Progressive Education Association; receive its *Quarterly*, a constant challenge to the old to meet the spiritual needs of the present day. The opportunity will come for your child, but only after parents generally have become convinced of the value of such opportunity.

For it is the parents who are the keystone. The public school of America belongs neither to the curriculum maker nor to the schoolmaster. It belongs to the mothers and fathers of the public school children but — practical democracy being what it is — it is never likely to be very much better than those same mothers and fathers wholeheartedly wish it to be.

Many readers will recall (and we hope re-read) the article "Your School Was Never Like This," from Progressive Education, in The Reader's Digest for December. It illustrates the actual method of the new teaching and forms a valuable supplement to Dr. Mearns' article. — The Editors.

Government by Acreage

Condensed from Plain Talk (January, '30)

Orville Welsh

"This is as important an article as has ever appeared in Plain Talk," states its editor. The article shows how, for instance, one-sixth of the people of Connecticut, living in rural areas, elect more than two-thirds of the Representatives in the State Assembly. The farmers control the urban States, and the farmers control an urban nation. The author's contention is that there were more than enough wet States to have prevented ratification of the 18th Amendment had the Legislatures reflected public opinion. Space here forbids presentation of his case, but interested readers are referred to the original ten-page article. The following excerpts develop the larger point that we are governed by acreage, not by the people.

Rotten borough: any of the boroughs which, at the time of the British Reform Bill of 1832, contained but few voters, yet retained the privilege of sending a member to Parliament. — Definition by Webster.

EVERYBODY knows about the rotten boroughs that existed in England up to a century ago, when the non-existent town of Old Sarum returned two members to the House of Commons, and young, thriving cities like Birmingham none. Before the Reform Bill of 1832, which narrowly averted revolution in Great Britain, it actually was possible for less than a hundred men to select a majority of the selected branch of Parliament. That was the situation that enabled King George III's Ministers to control the Commons at the time of the American Revolution, and thereby made impossible any reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country.

It is the misfortune of America that the rotten borough system still flourished in England at the time our colonial, State and Federal Constitutions were framed. Since then in Britain as well as in most countries of the world electoral inequalities have in the main been abolished; but in the United States they linger in their very worst form.

We began our national life with the firmly implanted idea of representation by governmental units rather than by population. It must be remembered that at the time of the Revolution there was no such thing as manhood suffrage, and only a very small percentage of the people had any voting voice even in local government. Legislative representation generally was fixed arbitrarily by the State Constitutions then adopted, without any allowances for the subsequent growth of the towns. In only one-third of the early American States was population taken as a basis for any legislative apportionment. In New England this basis was made the town (or township). In Massachusetts each town or place was given two representa-

tives regardless of size. In the Middle Colonies the county was made the unit of representation.

If we believe in democracy, how justify that in the matter of making treaties, approving Cabinets, picking or ousting life-term Judges, and amending the Constitution, one vote in Nevada is worth more than 134 in New York? Even in the election of a President, Nevada has nine times the voting power of New York. "Each State," says the Constitution, "shall appoint a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress." So New York has 45 electors, one for 230,782 people; Nevada has three, or one for every 25,802.

The House of Representatives is supposed to be representative of the country as a whole. It is not. Even if Congress obeyed the Constitution and reapportioned the House according to the decennial census — which it has refused to do since 1910 — it still would be heavily weighted in favor of the rural regions. The reason is that the congressional districts in each State are laid out by the Legislature; if the Legislature has a rural bias what is easier than to cheat the cities by gerrymanders. That is exactly what happens.

As with our Federal system, so also are the same precautions against majority rule imbedded in most of our State Constitutions. In virtually all the populous States the cards are stacked by law against the minority political power, and especially against any independent political movement. In the Republican States, the Democrats get short shrift in legislative representation. Aside from gerrymanders, the cities, Democratic in the main or liberal, are rankly discriminated against in apportionment, so that a vote from the ultra-conservative rural community is worth several times that of the radical townsman. The same condition exists in the Democratic South as against any possible minority party.

This situation has become vitally important because of the immense turnover in the last few years from a country predominantly rural to one much more than half urban.

RHODE ISLAND: The compromise Constitution, adopted in 1842, is still in force, with minor amendments last fall. This Constitution provided that each town and city should have one member of the Senate and one only. Eleven cities and large towns, with a total population of 501,362, were easily outvoted by 13 towns and villages with a total population of 17,807. The long Democratic filibusters of 1923 and 1924, which ended in a gas bomb incident in the Senate chamber and with Providence an armed camp of gunmen employed by both sides,

were for the purpose of forcing a Constitutional Convention to take up reapportionment. They failed; but last November a constitutional amendment was adopted giving Providence the small measure of justice of one more Senator.

CONNECTICUT: Under the town representation system, one-sixth of the people of Connecticut, living in rural areas, elect more than two-thirds the Representatives in the General Assembly. Two hundred and fifty-seven persons in the town of Union have the same voice as 162,537 in New Haven, 138,038 in Hartford, or 143,555 in Bridgeport. Likewise the Senatorial districts, ostensibly laid out with regard to population, are so arranged that the less populous counties have disproportionate power, and every county has at least one Senator.

VERMONT: Representation in the Vermont House of Representatives is based wholly on town (or township) lines, with no attention whatever to population. The number of Senators is limited to 30, and each of the 14 counties gets at least one.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: New Hampshire's House of Representatives, with 417 members, the largest in the country, is chosen on a basis developed from the town representation idea. Amendments to the State Constitution may be initiated only by a Constitutional Convention in which each town regardless of size has just one delegate; and the rural delegates have persistently killed all amendments to reduce the size of the House that did not do all the reducing in the cities.

MASSACHUSETTS: Although the State was wet in 1918, and so confirmed itself as late as last fall in a referendum by senatorial districts, its unrepresentative legislature ratified the 18th Amendment.

NEW YORK: The 1920 population of New York City was 5,620,048; that of the rest of the State 4,765,179. Yet New York City has only 22 senators out of 51, and 62 assemblymen out of 150. The up-state tail wags the New York City dog.

NEW JERSEY: About 40 percent of Jerseyites live in Hudson and Essex counties, which have only 2 of the 21 Senators.

DELAWARE: The city of Wilmington with almost 50 percent of the voting population of Delaware has only 13.5 percent representation in the General Assembly.

MARYLAND: Baltimore with a little more than half the population of the State has a voting representation of only 28.5 percent in the Legislature.

OHIO: Each Ohio county has at least one member of the House, and the legislative sessions at Columbus are ruled by the so-called Cornstalk Brigade, which sneers openly at the needs of the cities. How unrepresentative is the Ohio legislature was shown when it repassed the infamous Marshall dry-fee raiding law (kangaroo courts) voided by the United States Supreme court — an action which was repudiated in referendum by half a million majority.

(Mr. Welsh, with more or less detail, discusses the situation in each one of 20 other States.)

The Spirit of Modern Art

Condensed from The Architectural Forum (November, '29)

Raymond M. Hood

Designer of the American Radiator Building in New York

THERE is no need to tell anyone that art has "gone modern" but very few people know what "going modern" really means. The common conception is that it means a radical change in the look of things, that the time has arrived when precedent and the accepted standard of beauty are all to be thrown overboard, and that with a new philosophy as a base, new standards and wholly new conceptions of beauty are to be manufactured. Nothing could be further from the truth. The modern movement does not concern itself with looks at all. It does not care whether we abandon or follow precedent, nor is it interested as to whether the new rules of art are derived from the machine nor even whether there are to be any rules at all.

There is a general idea that after a certain length of time, a style of art must be changed, merely because it has become monotonous. Minor changes and fashions of the moment may be explained that way, but the reason for great changes, such as the development of Greek or Gothic art, lies much deeper than that. I doubt if a new era of art has ever developed where a desire for a change for the sake of a change had less to do with it than is the case today. If anything, it is safe to say that people had never been more content with the looks of things than they were just prior to the time when the modern movement began to take form. Standards were so well established that beauty could be determined almost by rule of thumb, and a certified work of art had a value as sound as a government bond. Everybody was happy so far as looks and beauty were concerned.

The truth is that, way down deep, art was really in a bad way. For centuries the romantic sentimentalist and the artistic genius had been in the saddle. They held a tight rein, and their authority was bolstered up by everything that was called culture and tradition. Art had become a smug, fashionable game in which the world was the victim, for while the world paid the bill, the artist took nothing seriously save himself. Creative work for him was only an opportunity to express himself and his cult and to achieve immortality. Humbly doing the thing that was set before

him to do was not in his code of ethics. A timid remonstrance that a table was not suited to its purpose, or that it was rickety, elicited a scornful reply that if this slight sacrifice could not be made to beauty, it would be better not to have a table at all. A person brave enough to insist on an article's being useful was promptly put back in his place along with the other lowbrows. The public was battered, browbeaten and buried beneath an avalanche of historical reminders about the men of the other golden ages when people lived, suffered and died for beauty.

A mechanic would make a comfortable chair and a designer would calmly ruin it in the interest of art. A railroad company would try to build a station, and its architect would blandly set aside one after another of the practical elements that had been worked out because they prevented his developing in the building his theory of composition and beauty. The architect might tell you that the symmetry, the balance of a composition, or the character of the exterior would render impossible a room such as you required. He might even prevent your putting windows and doors in the places they should go for the comfort of living. Yet in spite of its pretentiousness, art was really shallow. It was like a man who insisted on being perfectly dressed and on having perfect manners, but who paid no attention to his character.

It is against this despotic sway that modern art has risen in revolt, and it is not because the old rules of composition, color harmony, unity and so on must go by the board. Modern art involves a sincere attempt to be honest. If a man wants a work bench, he isn't given an Italian altar piece. If the glare of a light hurts his eyes, he is not told that his eyes are wrong; the fixture is redesigned. A door is a door, something to walk through, something to open and shut, not a recall of a dominant motif in a façade, nor the expression of some esthetic emotion.

To put the case briefly, the modernist is trying to "debunk" art. He reverses the philosophy of past centuries when the iron-clad rules of art and beauty came first, and utility trailed along as best it could. Today utility leads the way and although the result may not always send emotional shivers of beauty up the spine, it offers a good substitute in that it satisfies the intellect. So, if chromium is used in modern work, it is not because it is the fashionable metal of the new period, but because it is more practical, cleaner, and requires less care than other metals in the same place. When plain surfaces and color decorations

take the place of elaborately modeled forms and ornament, it is not because simplicity and color constitute the keynote of modern art, but because to produce the elaboration and ornament of the older styles required an effort and cost far out of proportion to the importance of decoration, and because the article is more serviceable when done in simpler fashion. In his search for truth and honesty, the designer today must avail himself of every new material and process that is superior to the old.

I need hardly point out that the new movement has freed the spirit not only of the designer, but of the world at large. Art is no longer cloistered religion, shrouded in mystery in order to better keep up its authority. We do not need to stand in awe of it lest we be outcasts from the world of culture. We ask for what we need and we get it, — and strange to say, the artist now tells us that this is the only true path that leads to beauty, and that real beauty is only achieved when utility is the goal.

I am far from saying that all artists who have "gone modern" have turned away from hypocrisy and cant of the periods gone by, and that those who haven't are still sunk in sin. Many who adopted the external trappings, the color, decorations, and details of modernism are far less modern than others who still bear an external resemblance to that of older periods, but whose conception is fundamentally modern. In fact, the same fellows who were hypocritical and dishonest in their art yesterday are hypocritical and dishonest in their art today. The sincere artists of all ages have worked as honestly as the sincere modernist is working today. The only difference is that now he can come out into the light, without fear, for at last he has the weight of opinion and culture at his back. The man who says, "It can't be done, because it wouldn't be beautiful," is supplanted by the man who says, "Of course it can be done." It is the beginning of a great era for the world, as well as for the worker in all fields of art.

A Merchant Looks at Medicine

Condensed from The Survey-Graphic (January 1, '30)

Edward A. Filene

Prominent business leader and philanthropist; president of William Filene's Sons Company in Boston

IT seems to me that, while the *science* of healing has been making tremendous strides of late, the ***business*** of healing has lagged woefully behind. As a business man, I have two major criticisms. First, I do not believe that doctors, generally, are receiving anything like sufficient pay for their services. Second, I think the public, as a rule, is paying altogether too much for the services which it gets. Readers who have not studied business organization may think that these criticisms are mutually exclusive. But those who have studied our business system will recognize that these two ailments very commonly go together.

I am not going to propose, however, that doctors take a leaf from business and undertake to speed up operations. I shall not suggest that patients be conveyed to them on a moving belt, while each surgeon makes a particular thrust with the instrument he is trained to handle best. I do claim that certain fundamental principles, if applied, can advance the business of healing. For actual healing, after all, is what we are most interested in. It is not enough for the average sufferer from disease today to know that his disease is curable — that at some remote place is a doctor who could cure him. What the sufferer wants is a practical chance of being cured. Actually, it is a problem of distribution.

A generation ago it was still thought that a man could master a whole profession. We know now that that cannot be done. We honor the old general practitioner, but we realize that his day is past. The function of the practioner today must be less and less a matter of applying his own superior wisdom to the needs of the patient, and more and more a matter of placing at the service of the patient the knowledge and skill of the whole medical profession.

One does not have to know anything about medicine to know this. The principle applies to all scientific professions; it applies to education in general. There was a time when a man could hope to master, within a lifetime, the gist of what had been written down in books. But the human brain can no longer keep up with the printing-presses. The edu-

cated man today cannot hope to be well-read. The educated mind today is the mind which best learns how to *use* the knowledge in existence, particularly those truths which may apply to the thing which he is doing.

The business of healing is hampered, it seems to me, by failure to organize on these incontrovertible truths. It is hampered by the old traditions. It is a common experience (and one which the doctors themselves are the first to deplore) for the sick to have to shop around for a cure; and to be told by each successive diagnostician of some entirely new complaint which is causing all his troubles. Now there may be some truth in what each doctor says; but this truth is not organized so that the patient can employ it.

This is not good business for the doctors. And it is very bad business for the patients, who should be able to connect at once with the combined resources of the healing profession.

Now I believe, and I should like to be corrected if I am at fault, that ten physicians in a modern community are likely to know more than one. And if healing is a science rather than an art, I believe that ten physicians combining their knowledge, could be of more use to the average patient than the ten guessing at him individually could possibly be. I do not believe that ten artists can paint a better picture than one of them could paint alone. But the medical profession, I believe, looks upon healing as a science; and feels that the advantage of consulting a regular physician instead of resorting to an inspired healer lies in this fact.

An organized health center should be able to give a patient far better service than any individual practitioner would be likely to give him; and even if the service were no better, this organized service would cost the patient much less time and money than he would be bound to spend in purchasing a dozen doses of advice piecemeal.

It may be said that medicine is so organized. Do we not have our hospitals and sanatoriums, as well as organized private clinics? Yes, we do; and in many of these hospitals, those who have no money may be treated free; which means, of course, that those who are not treated free must pay more for their services than those services are supposed to be worth. Now, this is a good charitable principle, and I see no way of abolishing it just now. But it is not a good business principle for two reasons:

Unless there is one price for all, a business cannot organize for maximum service. It cannot do so because it cannot measure its

service, and will be constantly tempted, while being generous to this needy customer, to watch for a chance to gouge.

The burden of the present system bears heaviest neither on the wealthy nor on the poor, but on the average person. It discourages the average person from trying to secure the best of medical attention: and no business organized to discourage the masses from becoming customers is on a solid economic basis, no matter how excellent its scientific attainment may be.

Again, I believe hospitals should make a profit. No business should be organized purely for profit, but every business should make a profit as a measure of its usefulness. I believe that clinics and health centers should be set up, not as charities, but on a strictly competitive basis. We speak commonly of competitive business as *private* business, but this is a misnomer. The Ford Motor Company is more public in character than many government departments. It answers the public's needs closely because it has to. Ford got out Model A because he had to. If he had been a government, or a charity, Model T might still have been "good enough."

There is every reason to believe that our hospitals, good as they are, would be vastly better if they had to be. I mean by this that no one knows how much service he can give for the money till he is faced by a competitor. That is why I proposed, in an address before a medical association, that doctors would do well to organize as business institutions — ten or fifteen to a company — to merge their knowledge, reduce their overhead, provide every member with the best of equipment, and place these advantages at the service of the public at prices which it is found the public can pay. There would be profits, real profits, perhaps un-heard-of profits in such a healing business. The important thing here would be the *principle* — to serve the greatest possible number at the lowest possible cost.

Every doctor knows that it is less costly to stay well than to get well after one has broken down. The doctor, then, who wishes to give maximum service, will give first emphasis to preventive measures, and will arrange to have a large number of people consulting him regularly to *keep* themselves well. When doctors generally get that idea, competition will do the rest. It will compel combinations and the merging of resources, and a constant search for better methods of giving greater values for the price.

The Shadow of Censorship

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (January, '30)

Edward Weeks

Member of the editorial staff of "The Atlantic Monthly"

LIVING, as I do, in what Alexander Woollcott termed "that nasty and silly city of Boston" and deriving my livelihood from publishing, I am naturally sensitive on the subject of book censorship. In a little over two years 68 books have been suppressed in Boston.

To be sure, Boston is not alone in her trouble. The censorship powers of the Post Office and the United States Customs apply to the whole country. The Postal Censorship Law, designed to exclude obscene and fraudulent matter from the mails, allows postmasters to act on their own discretion. Naturally, such censorship has had an erratic career. At various times postmasters have barred Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata*, Swedenborg's *Amor Conjugalis*, a publisher's catalog which listed the *Decameron*, and the official vice report of the city of Chicago.

Customs clerks also have the right of censorship. The original act of Congress which gave them the power was aimed at pornographic literature and pictures. But at length it was discovered that the law could be construed to bar out various pieces of art and literature. In 1909 an attempt was made to prevent the Field Museum from importing Chinese pictures and manuscripts, very important to them, on the ground that they were obscene.

Many similar examples could be supplied, but the scope of these powers of censorship is clearly demonstrated by the action of the conference, in 1928, between Customs and Post Office officials, which blacklisted 739 books from importation into this country.

A recent episode adds humor to the situation. In 1929, a copy of Rabelais being imported by the book collector A. Edward Newton was confiscated by a New York customs inspector. In his protest to the Customs Mr. Newton wrote in part as follows:

> In order that you may not be the laughing-stock of the world, I beg that the volume be sent to me immediately; but for no other reason, for one can secure a copy at any well-ordered bookshop or library in the United States.
>
> I am not a youth seeking to gloat, surreptitiously, over a smutty book, but a student of mature years, the possessor of an important library. Moreover, I have a copy of the first edition of Rabelais, which is worth several thousand dollars.
>
> If you keep or destroy my Rabelais, it will be in my power to make you ridiculous the world over. This would afford me much greater pleasure than the possession of the book.

Mr. Newton's Rabelais, how-

ever, has not yet been returned.

But let us now turn our attention from the national situation to the special conditions at Boston. In Boston the Watch and Ward Society (the equivalent of New York's Society for the Suppression of Vice) has, in my opinion, constituted itself the unofficial censor of the Commonwealth. This is strong criticism; I do not mean it to be harsh. For as a citizen I feel under obligation to the Society for its devoted and disagreeable work in suppressing pornography and for its war upon the red-light districts.

Unfortunately, in their zeal to destroy Paris post cards and smutty pamphlets, the Society has also felt it incumbent upon them to act as the unofficial censors of what our adults shall read; and unfortunately, the present Massachusetts statute is a ready weapon for such a crusade. It states that "Anyone who imports, prints, publishes, sells or distributes a book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper or other thing containing obscene, indecent or impure language," etc., will be liable to criminal punishment.

That phrase "containing obscene, indecent or impure language" is an exceedingly strict qualification. Under these terms the Bible, the plays of Shakespeare, and all of the great novels could be suppressed on the strength of single isolated passages.

The actual procedure of complaint is something like this: Discovering in the hands of my little daughter a copy of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, I am curious to see what is amusing her. I read a few passages and am properly shocked. So I seek a policeman, pencil the outrageous passages and ask him to read them. He is as shocked as I and says he will take the matter up with his chief.

Now the superintendent of police or the district attorney has it in his power to descend without warning on my bookseller and arrest him. The victim will be brought to trial and compelled to defend the book under the terms of the statute quoted. The jury, naturally, will be picked from those who have never read *Tom Jones*. But the lawyer for the defense may not read the whole book before them. His defense must be centered on those passages which were complained of and those alone. Such was the procedure in the recent trials of *Oil*, by Upton Sinclair, and Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. Both books were condemned on the strength of certain isolated passages.

The bookseller has learned his lesson. Realizing that the Watch and Ward Society will be on the lookout for what they consider obnoxious books, he anticipates

their complaints by asking them to notify him in advance of their taking any action. Upon their notification he is left with the choice of withdrawing the suspected book or of risking arrest. He usually withdraws the book from sale. Yet a few miles away, in Cambridge for instance, the book may be selling like hot cakes.

Under this absurdly strict law no publisher feels justified in exposing his book and himself to a test case. A book could not be defended as a whole, and the fine and punishment — for this is a criminal law and gives one a criminal record — are not things to be lightly incurred. That is the reason why such books as *The World of William Clissold*, by H. G. Wells, *The American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, and *Dark Laughter*, by Sherwood Anderson, were suppressed in Boston without trial.

I do not mean that the Watch and Ward Society are the only crusaders involved. On their own authority they have been responsible for only 11 of the 68 suppressions. Many of the other books were suppressed not because the ideas or language they contained were such as to stimulate the reader's physical appetite, but because some individual found them shocking. We know that a single clerical zealot objected to some 30 books; we know that the district attorney's office objected to nearly a score of novels sent them in angry remonstrance by a bookseller. The bookseller had been notified that they were taking action against some half-dozen titles. "Why, if you ban those," he said, "I can send you 20 more, no better and no worse." He did, and they did.

In view of such evidence it is easy to cry out against censorship generally. Yet I believe that there must be a legal control of books, and that the law courts are a logical place for their examination. But I believe very earnestly that the law should be worded so as to take the *whole book* into account. With such a statute, publishers would feel free in defending, as they do in New York and elsewhere, books which have been the subject of complaint.

The hypocrisy of the present situation in Boston, the injury which it does to literature, the notoriety which it too often bestows on cheap books, and the light of absurdity in which we find ourselves before the rest of the world — these are the results of an obsolete statute and a virtual but unofficial censorship in Massachusetts.

Europe's Babbitry

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (January 1, '30)

Nathaniel Peffer

Former foreign correspondent; author of "The White Man's Dilemma"

EUROPEANS are saying today that Europe is being Americanized. They are saying it with an air of fatalism and distaste, expressing a sentiment compounded of fear, curiosity, amazement, scorn and admiration. It is not surprising that they feel a qualm at the thought of Americanization, after what Mencken, Lewis et al. have said about our democracy and, more particularly, about our Babbitts.

But what is meant by "Americanization"? Europe is indeed undergoing a profound transformation and obviously the change is in the direction of resemblance to America, but that which is changing Europe is not the American spirit or the might of the American dollar, but the machine. And the machine is the product of no one country — it happens to be identified with America only because here it has had its highest development, here it was unimpeded by the inertia of old traditions. As a result, it has given American life its distinctive form. And if Germany, France, England and Italy are being "Americanized" it simply means that the machine is beginning to do to them what it has already long been doing to America.

Actually, this is all that need be said about "Americanization." But unfortunately much more is said. For one thing, it is constantly flung at us that we are Babbitts and that Babbitry is our ideal. This may be true, but of whom is it not true? We have our Main Streets and our Babbitry. But is the small town of Europe less deadening than our own? I happen just to have spent some months in one of the most charming of European small towns, a baroque jewel set in one of the most mellowed regions of the continent. There the homes have been dwelt in for centuries, and life has not yet been flattened by the leveling of the machine age. But there, too, is the wearing monotony of eventlessness, the exclusive preoccupation with the day's little happenings, the mental stagnation which the small town everywhere pays for shelter from the struggle of the metropolis. And there, too, the cruelty of the pack, everywhere most terrible where the pack is small, is visited with relentless ferocity on the individual who strays from its prescribed paths. The *mores*

differ, but for those who violate them there is as little tolerance as in the small town of the Mississippi Valley. It is one thing to visit a charming old European town as a tourist, and another to live there and sample the stuff of life uncolored by the illusion of picturesqueness, age and unfamiliarity.

As for Babbitt, no one who has lived and worked in a European city or in the international ports of the East where a good cross-section of white, prosperous, upper-class business man is to be found, will harbor any delusion that he is nurtured only in American soil. He is a universalist of all time and all places. The smug worship of material success, the reduction of all values to material terms — these are no exclusively American traits. They are international.

The difference between Europe and America is that in our country Babbitt determines and fixes standards, values and ideals. The worker in ideas, the artist and the non-conforming individualist and skeptic are looked upon as misfits among us. They are unhealthy, unmanly and un-American.

Europe has its Babbitts, but they do not set standards and fix ideals. These are the expressions of a culture which is a long and slow accumulation of the great creative achievements representing the best in the race. The Babbitts of Europe, as numerous as our own, do not affect these standards. The truly cultured individuals in Europe, as here and everywhere, do without most of life's goods, but in Europe they have not only satisfaction but a consciousness of esteem. From European universities emanate no apologetics for seeming to be "impractical" — a criticism of our own universities we hear often enough from our Babbitts — no elaborate demonstrations of the dollars-and-cents value of an appreciation of the arts.

In short, here the values of our civilization mirror Babbitt. In Europe he has not touched them. Plainly, the difference is a fundamental one.

To our critics this is explained entirely by our being a democracy, or rather, by our lack of an aristocracy. And, by way of illustration, the comparison is usually drawn between our average and Europe's best. The Englishman talks about our gutter press, thinking of his *Times* and *Guardian* and *Observer*. He forgets the Sunday divorce and crime papers of London. Naturally, for he never sees them. The critics usually compare the American Babbitt, not with the English, German and French Babbitts, but with that which is best in Europe —and naturally they find the

American wanting. They carry the false comparison even further by endowing the European aristocracy with qualities which European aristocrats would make few claims to possessing. Thus, to the lack of an aristocratic governing class are laid the weaknesses of the American governing system. Very well — in Europe government has been until recently a prerogative of the aristocracy. Has it been a conspicuous success, judged either by results or efficiency of operation or satisfactions yielded? Could there be a more ghastly failure than that which bore fruit in 1914–1918 and the dreary anticlimax of 1919? Could the most proletarian democracy bungle worse?

One may ask what evidence there is in history that aristocracy, as such, has contributed directly to cultural creativeness or has been necessarily personally cultured? That is a legend far more generally accepted in America than in European capitals where one sees and knows more of aristocrats. The aristocracy has "race," it has breeding, it knows intuitively the right thing in conduct and does it by reflex, but it has directly contributed very little to the higher achievements that in sum have made our culture. Those can be credited almost entirely to artists, intellectuals and dreamers, very few of whom have had breeding.

We know that the aristocracy patronized artists — in both senses of the verb. We know of those who not only helped them but appreciated them and their works. But even under a pure and proud aristocracy Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave and Schubert hungered. And after all, has not the American Dives turned patron of the arts? And on what else has the founding of an aristocracy ever rested except possession of the instruments of power of the time and place?

The argument drawn from aristocracy and democracy yields very little in the understanding of the relation between Europe and America. Much more than the blood lines of a few thousand families has made Europe what it is, much more than the absence of such lines makes this continent what it is. The forces released by science, little understood and given free play, have fashioned the American scene and attuned the American spirit. What the consummation will be is a matter for speculation. But that the same forces, when they have reduced the obstructions in Europe, as they must if Europe is to be able to survive the economic struggle, will have the same effects in Europe is not conjecture or prophecy. It is a statement of a law in physics. It may be regrettable, but it is also inescapable.

Let's Not Wear Them!

Condensed from The New Republic (October 30, '29)

Fannie Hurst

Novelist and lecturer; author of "Mannequin," "A President Is Born" etc.

ARE the fashion mongers going to succeed in reviving the obsolete and ridiculous spectacle of a woman tripping over her train? Let the dictators be careful, lest the "tyranny of fashion" cease to be a half-affectionate phrase and stand suddenly revealed in its true light as an impudent and intolerable obligation.

It has been embarrassingly true of the female of the human species, that you can lead her from one form to another of personal adornment, but you cannot make her cerebrate about it. Witness the hoop-skirt, the big sleeve, the corset, the bustle. In times past she has lent herself to the outlandish, the impractical, the cumbersome, the absurd and the risible, for so long, that it seems only natural that the Master Mind behind the dictatorship should feel enormous self-confidence.

During the last ten years, in the ferment after the War, radical changes have occurred in woman's dress. These changes eloquently represent her new psychological, sociological, economic and political status. A peep into the clothes closet of Queen Victoria would have proved that she did not golf, drive a car, or go to business. The utilitarian fashions of the last ten years tell eloquently of woman's new and varied activities.

But slowly, surely, subtly, over a period of three years, forces have been at work to pry from woman those fashions of the past decade which she has found so sane and comfortable. Slyly, Paris has been dropping that hemline, inch by inch. Subtly, woman's eye has been trained toward that skirt of more yardage.

And then, overnight, as it were, fashion, emboldened by signs of success, suddenly trumpets her triumph. Long skirts. Trains. Corsets. Larger hats. Eleven yards to a gown instead of four or five. Long gloves. Long hair.

The woman shopping has not much choice. Not only are the simple fashions of yesteryear not on view, but if they were, it would be rank impracticability to buy them. It not only takes a crusader's strength of purpose to be "special," but there are two other deterrents. It is expensive to be special. It is conspicuous to be special.

(Continued on page 932)

Hetty Green—Witch of Wall Street

Condensed from The Mentor (December, '29)

John T. Flynn

EARLY in 1833 a young man arrived in the town of New Bedford and went to the offices of Isaac Howland, Jr. and Co. His name was Edward Mott Robinson and thereafter he was the "Co." in that firm of merchant adventurers. New Bedford was the capital of whale oil. And the Howlands, prophets of that industry, were on the way to supplying America with its first crop of millionaires.

A year later, Mr. Robinson's wife presented him with an infant. A girl! Well, he had wanted a son but there was no help for it. Better luck next time. The girl they called Hetty — Hetty Howland Robinson, to be known in later years to all the world as Hetty Green, the richest woman on earth — and the strangest.

In 18 months the house of Robinson had better luck. A boy was born. And when this happened little Hetty was bundled off to the home of her grandfather, Gideon Howland, Jr., under the care of her maiden aunt, Sylvia Ann Howland. This continued to be her home, and her aunt was her mother in fact.

As Robinson grew older he became more immersed in business and acquired a local reputation for genteel greed. It was said of him that he "squeezed a dollar until the eagle screamed." Meantime the grandfather was growing older. His eyesight was failing, and he used to get little Hetty to read him the business and financial news. In a little while she astonished friends by quoting prices on bonds and stocks and by giving bits of business news.

At the age of eight she walked into a bank. This was at a time when only the well-to-do had dealings with banks. But Hetty wanted to open an account in her own name, and did so. She had made this decision without consulting anyone at home.

In the grim, relentless Hetty Green of mature life there was no suggestive remnant of the merry, handsome girl of those years. She loved singing and dancing, and while at school in Boston lived as gaily as any girl in that period. But at home under the severe eye of her pious Quaker aunt she wore her plain gray frock and her leaden-colored bonnet.

It was because of the severity of this devout home that Hetty loved to go to New York. Her father's wealth and social posi-

tion gave her entry into the most exclusive circles. Her own vivacious conversation made her a companion much sought after. But already she was beginning to display those traits of personal economy — even parsimony — which characterized her later in life. Once her father sent her $1200 to buy clothes in New York. When she returned to New Bedford she still had $1000 of it to put into her bank.

In February, 1860, her mother died. This event brought Hetty her first money and her first serious family quarrel. Her mother had inherited $40,000 from her grandfather, Isaac Howland, which had been put in trust. It was now decided that the personal property should go to the husband, Mr. Robinson; the real estate to the daughter, Hetty. An inventory revealed that the personalty amounted to $120,000 and the realty to only $8000. Hetty and her Aunt Sylvia were deeply aggrieved at this. When the father decided to move to New York, Hetty remained with her aunt, who compensated her for the loss of her inheritance by a present of $20,000 in stock. This was the beginning of her fortune. But in 1863 her father requested her to come to New York, and she left her home for the great city, whose financial purlieus she was to haunt for the next half century.

On June 14, 1865, while the nation was still draped in black for the death of Abraham Lincoln, Edward Mott Robinson died in New York City. Behind his death lay a mystery which has never been explained. Just before he died he called his daughter. "I have been murdered," he said; "poisoned by a band of conspirators. You will be next. Watch over yourself."

Was there any truth in this? Hetty Robinson believed it. To her dying day this weird revelation continued to exercise a powerful influence over her life.

When Mr. Robinson's will was opened Hetty found, to her amazement and chagrin, that only $1,000,000 was given to her outright. The balance, supposed to be about $4,000,000, was put in trust for her.

Three weeks after her father's death, Sylvia Ann Howland, her aunt, died. She was one of the wealthiest women in America. She had always declared she would leave her whole estate to Hetty. Now Hetty hurried to New Bedford. She wondered if this could be another chapter in the plot first to concentrate her father's and her aunt's wealth in her person and then assassinate her. She became a picture of consuming worry. For several nights, fearful of even her relatives, she slept in a storeroom with furniture piled against the

door. She refused to eat a morsel prepared by any other hand than her own.

When Sylvia Ann Howland's will was offered for probate Hetty Robinson's terror changed to rage. Half of the good lady's fortune was given away to civic and charitable institutions and to numerous relatives. The other half was left to Hetty but, like her father's fortune, was tied up in a trust.

She immediately protested the probate of the testament. But the evidence of its authenticity was so complete that she withdrew. This, however, was but the beginning of one of the most famous will cases in the annals of the American courts. A month later Miss Robinson appeared with another will. It was written out entirely in the handwriting of Hetty Robinson herself but was signed apparently by Miss Sylvia Ann Howland. This rambling document bequeathed all her property to her niece and revoked all wills made by her before "*or after this one.*" Along with this document Hetty offered the explanation that her aunt was determined that Hetty's father should have none of her fortune. She had therefore proposed to Hetty that she, Sylvia, would make a will leaving all to Hetty if Hetty would in turn make her will leaving all to Sylvia. Hetty agreed and the testaments were made. She now called on the court to enforce what amounted to a contract.

The case presented novel points of law. But it also involved one all-engrossing question: Did Hetty Robinson forge this document? The case became a *cause célèbre*. It dragged along for two years and consumed $150,000 in costs. Handwriting experts disagreed on the authenticity of the signature. Did Hetty Robinson forge this will? The court never answered the question. But she lost her suit. She never got over the defeat. It was the beginning of endless litigation about a variety of things ranging from a two-dollar tax bill to suits involving millions.

On the eve of St. Valentine's Day of 1865, a wealthy bachelor named Edward H. Green put a valentine into an envelope. In another envelope he put a check in payment of a very cheap suit of clothes. Then getting his envelopes mixed, he addressed the valentine to his tailor, and the check to Miss Hetty Robinson.

When the check arrived Miss Hetty was completely overcome. Here was a man worth millions who was so careful of his money that he paid the very lowest price for his clothes. Then and there she decided to accept Mr. Green.

(*This article is continued in The Mentor for January, '30, now current on the news stands.*)

Reflections of a New Citizen

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (January, '30)

Konrad Bercovici
Writer of Gypsy stories

A SHORT time ago I was admitted to American Citizenship. This country had been my home for years. Children of mine were born here. I had many friends I loved. I believed in the principles of democratic government. I had known the history of this country backward and forward long before I had landed on its shores. Still . . . I had hesitated a long time about citizenship, though it meant very much to me.

The reason back of my hesitation was that I take an oath seriously. Renouncing allegiance to the government of the country I was born in, and taking oath to defend this country against all enemies might mean fighting against my own brother and father. Nevertheless, I finally decided to do it.

Ten months after I had passed the final examination on my application I was called to the Old Post Office Building to take my oath as an American Citizen. I arrived on time and found a line of several hundred people in the long, cold hall of the decrepit building. I looked about me. Everybody was in his best clothes. Horny-handed men had put on fresh linen. A handsome old Spanish Jew in a long coat stood beside an Italian priest. Poles, Germans, Scandinavians, Serbs, Russians, one beside the other; so many immemorial enemies ready to take the same oath to this country. They smiled at one another — all brothers now. They and their children shall fight each other no longer. The silence of that crowd was religious. Then the guard spoke sharply:

"You guys keep in line!"

It was the same as when going to buy a license for the car.

An hour and a half later we were still standing in that line. The mood of exaltation had passed. We were uncomfortable. After another hour the guards herded us into the court room.

"Step up there," called an attendant. "Hey there, you with the whiskers, move on. Plenty of room for your whiskers. Move on, I tell you."

The crowd took the hint and laughed. The old Spanish Jew looked up with tears in his eyes.

Near me stood two Frenchmen in cutaway, striped trousers and black gloves. From time to time they looked at one another, as if questioning, "Shall we forswear

allegiance to the Belle France?" In front of me sat two young English matrons, evidently married to Americans. I had seen them before at a concert. Their eyes were closed. It is not an easy thing for an English woman to forswear allegiance to her King. There were other individuals, here and there, so strongly moved as to be oblivious to their surroundings. There were two young Germans. Their blue eyes were moist. Their lips were pressed tight. We had fought against their fatherland only yesterday. We were responsible for their defeat. And now . . .

After another wait we were ordered to turn about and face the Judge's empty chair. I looked up. The wall paper was peeling from the walls. We had heard of the tremendous wealth of this country, of millions of dollars in taxes returned by the Federal Government. Yet, somehow, there was no cash for papering that court room. Has nobody ever thought of the effect of such surroundings upon people in an impressionable moment?

Suddenly the clerk announced the Judge. There was instant silence. The English ladies quivered as they stood up. The Frenchmen buttoned their coats ceremoniously. The Germans clicked their heels together. The old Jew straightened his narrow shoulders. That man was not a Judge. He was the priest of a new religion — Democracy, which we were all ready to accept.

White-haired and dignified, the Judge bowed and sat down. The clerk ordered everybody to raise his right hand. His vulgar harsh voice enumerated the names of princes and potentates to whom allegiance was renounced. He read the oath of allegiance to this country as if it were a hardware advertisement. Then the Judge rose and welcomed us to this country. His voice was more than welcome to my ears.

The two Frenchmen shook hands and congratulated one another. The two English ladies embraced their husbands emotionally. The priest shook hands with the Jew, and an Italian woman burst into tears. I was ready to throw my arms about someone, till the harsh voice of the clerk sounded again.

"Step back to the wall. Move on. Step lively." Why the voice of a subway guard after the Judge's beautiful welcome? "Now listen," said the clerk; "has anybody of you been arrested since you last paid the four dollars?"

What an anti-climax! He didn't say, "since you took your final examination for citizenship"; he said, "since you paid the four dollars."

"Since the final examination," I corrected loudly.

"Shut up, you there," he called back.

A few hands were raised very timidly. Those who raised them looked shamefaced. Why were they exposed to that indignity in public? The timid hand of a woman rose in the air.

"What you been arrested for, eh?"

The new citizen whispered something close to his ears. We could guess.

"Is that so?" the clerk sneered. "Tell the truth to the man who hands you the certificate."

When that question had been exhausted, the clerk yelled:

"Has anybody been divorced since you paid the four dollars?"

A blushing woman raised her hand. Men snickered.

"Did anybody get married since he paid the four dollars?"

The two English ladies raised their hands. They were blushing crimson.

"Has any new child been born to anybody of youse since the time you paid the four dollars?"

The crowd laughed out as if at a joke on the screen and one great wit said: "Not yet . . ."

By that time the two Frenchmen felt ashamed of their formal attire and raised the collars of their overcoats. They had dressed for a festive occasion.

At last the attendant bellowed: "Sign your name four times on the two sheets of paper."

The "two sheets of paper" were the certificate of citizenship and its duplicate. I had never before heard such important documents called by such a name. I looked at the Frenchmen, the English ladies, the Spanish Jew, the Germans. Were they also signing "two sheets of paper"? There were tears in their eyes. They were signing away the past for the future. We had been mortal enemies until a moment ago. We had taken an oath to fight under the same flag; and he called that a "sheet of paper."

While I was also signing my name, I heard the tinkling sound of dimes which a little man was collecting from the newly-made citizens. A tall young fellow said to his neighbor: "It costs $5.35, then, to become a citizen."

As I walked out of the court room I had a feeling that I had been reading the Prophets in the market place. What a change had come over those people! Gone the height of religious exaltation in their eyes. Gone the holiday mood. How many would have been made better citizens by the proper use of dignity, ceremony and, let us use the right word, a little pomp.

Radio Dons Working Clothes

Condensed from The Nation's Business (December, '29)

Gen. James G. Harbord
President, the Radio Corporation of America

IN 1841 Wheatstone and Cooke set up the first working telegraph in England. The public paid no attention to it till — fortunately for the telegraph — a murder was committed in a London suburb, the terminus of the first 13 mile telegraph line. The murderer escaped by train to London. But a message flowed across the line, and, as he stepped off the train at London, he was apprehended. Instantly the public realized that a practical communication system had been devised.

When Alexander Graham Bell was endeavoring to send the actual sound of the human voice over a wire, he experimented with the ear of a dead man fastened to the end of his wires, and came upon the idea of a membrane receiver — a disk that quivers under the influence of electromagnets.

At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 Professor Bell's telephone attracted little notice. It needed something unusual to force it on the attention of the judges. This unusual something arrived in the person of the colorful Emperor of Brazil who, passing by with his glittering retinue, saw Professor Bell, his old instructor. Bell showed the Emperor his telephone. The Emperor, listening at the receiver, ejaculated: "My God, it talks!" That was enough. The telephone became the sensation of the Centennial.

So continents were connected by cables. Across thousands of miles of wire, the human voice could be heard. Yet those who went to sea were still beyond reach of telephone or cable. Of them the world knew nothing until the end of their journey.

Even submarine cables were not altogether dependable. They were easily broken. And nations without coasts had to depend on the friendship of neighboring states for their transoceanic communication. Something else was needed — something that would ride high above storms, wars, political jealousies, and frontiers. And this was given to the world through the experiments of Guglielmo Marconi who, as an 18-year-old student at the University of Bologna, became fascinated with the possibilities of projecting electro-magnetic waves through space.

First he sent them a few hun-

dred feet, then a few miles, then a few hundred miles, in bewildering progression. The English Channel was spanned early in his career. Communication was established between ships and the land. In 1901 the Atlantic Ocean was spanned between Cornwall in England and Newfoundland in America.

For years, wireless telegraphy could not afford to compete with the cable systems and telegraph lines. On shipboard, however, it enjoyed a monopoly. Yet again, something startling had to occur before the public became wireless conscious.

That event occurred when the steamships "Republic" and "Florida" collided off Nantucket. The first distress call from a ship at sea was sent out and received at that time. More than 1500 lives were saved. Radio had become a vital factor in the safety of life at sea.

Today, radio spreads over the earth. It has donned the drab garb of the everyday worker. In the New York offices of the Radio Corporation of America there is a staff of 275 operators. Some 160 messenger boys deliver radiograms in New York City.

In these offices radiograms are typed on the perforator keyboards, and transformed into perforated patterns in a paper tape. The tape is whirled through an automatic transmitter, and its tiny perforations cause the formation of dots and dashes. Today, over the latest short-wave circuits, traffic speeds of 200 words and more are obtained. The high speed at which radiograms are transmitted precludes the possibility of their interception by amateurs or unauthorized parties.

With short-wave transmission, coming into wide use today, it is possible to employ the beam system, or directed waves, so that signals are aimed at a distant receiver like pointing a searchlight. This results in greater efficiency.

Radio has done much for the safety of ocean travelers. The average ocean greyhound handles more than 1000 radiograms on a single trip, exclusive of press dispatches, weather reports and ship's business. In the radio direction finder, marine radio has presented the navigator with the greatest aid since the Chinese gave us the magnetic compass. A ship's exact position may be determined by means of its signals as intercepted by others equipped with a radio direction finder.

Radio beacons, or automatic transmitters along our coasts, permit the navigator to take exact bearings irrespective of darkness or fog. This means not only increased safety, but hundreds of thousands of hours saved

to shipping which would otherwise be delayed.

From marine radio to aviation radio is but a step. Today the airman can communicate by radio telegraph or telephone over a considerable distance. Vital information regarding the weather is ever at the disposal of the airman whose helmet contains radio earphones. Automatic direction finders permit him to take his bearings on radio beacons and to fly a positive course with just as much certainty as an automobile driver on a concrete highway.

Radio has evolved from the first crude dots and dashes of slow manual operation to the high-speed automatic operation of today. It has found its voice in the radio telephone and the field of mass entertainment known as broadcasting. And now radio is finding its pen, so to speak, in the facsimile transmitting system already in everyday use. It is possible to send facsimile handwriting, signatures, typewritten messages, greeting cards, fashion sketches, photographs, and other items across the ocean via radio.

Indeed, with the developments now taking place in facsimile transmission, it is only a matter of time when the dots and dashes of the usual radiogram will be relics of a by-gone age, just as the quill pen has been overshadowed by the more practical typewriter.

Of broadcasting little need be said except that it represents the capitalization of a serious handicap, and therein lies its true romance. The original plan was to employ it as a point-to-point communication means, with possible competition for the wire telephone. However, it soon became apparent that secrecy was sadly lacking. Anyone equipped with a simple receiver could readily listen to conversations passing through space. This very weakness was then exploited. The radio telephone was made to radiate waves that could readily be tuned in. Programs of general appeal were placed on the air.

International broadcasting is the next step. We shall soon have a world-wide exchange of programs, so that the talent, the culture, the mental outlook, and the nationalism of all leading countries will be known throughout the world. Perhaps, too, sight may come to join sound, as television develops, and a better international understanding will exist when faces as well as voices become familiar throughout the world.

The King's English

Condensed from The Bookman (December, '29)

Robert Benchley
Author and dramatic critic

BEING by nature something of an Anglophile, the following rather bitter outburst is going to hurt me more than it hurts England. But for years we Americans have submitted too meekly to the charge that we speak the English language badly. We know that it is true in a way, that our voices are harsh and loud, that some of us roll our "r's" while others say "boid" and "erl," and we also know that, in the matter of vocabulary we are mere children lisping "cat," "doggie" and "O. K." exclusively. But the knowledge of these shortcomings, together with the venomous scorn with which our English friends point them out, has bred an inferiority in us which is nothing short of craven. We never think of turning on our tormentors and saying, "You're not so hot yourselves!"

British nausea at American pronunciation has reached an almost active stage since the invasion of England by Hollywood-made talking-pictures. London editorial writers see the complete degradation of the English language in 50 years if little English children are allowed to listen at their movies to the horrid sound of Americans talking. There has been some idea of limiting the sale of tickets to those of his Majesty's subjects who are safely established in the traditional English habits of speech. Others would have the pictorial parts of the films made in Hollywood but the sound-tracts made in Elstree by strictly British voices, the two being synchronized to produce a picture which may be listened to by English tots without fear of contamination.

No one in America will deny that many of the beautiful young gentlemen and ladies of Hollywood should never have been called upon to talk. Neither will anyone deny that a large number of American actresses and actors who go to London in the spoken drama might well offend the sensitive British ear. They have offended even the cauliflower ear of New York.

But is England entirely without sin in the matter of language distortion? Might New York never justifiably be distressed by the sounds made by the countless English casts which come over here?

Of course there can be no

argument (and let us have this understood at the start, please) over the comparative mellifluousness of English and American speech. Even the most incompetent English actor, coming on to the stage briefly to announce the presence below of Lord and Lady Ditherege, gives forth a sound so soft and dulcet as almost to be a bar of music. But sometimes that is all there is. The words are lost in the graceful sweep of the notes. I have heard entire scenes played by English actors (especially juveniles) in which absolutely nothing was distinguishable except a series of musical notes ranging in cadenzas from B to G sharp and back to B again. It is all very pretty, but is it the English language?

This slurring of words into a refined cadence until they cease to be words at all is due partly to the Englishman's disinclination to move his lips. This lethargic attitude toward articulation makes more or less of a fool out of a word which is dependent on pronunciation for its success. It makes a rather agreeable sound of it, but practically eliminates it as an agent for expressing thought.

I am not now dealing with cockney or other perversions of the British manner of speaking, although Englishmen are not so fair as to remember that much of the speech which they call "American" on the stage and in the pictures is deliberately vulgarized and harshened by the American actors themselves to imitate gangsters, newspaper reporters, and others of the non-classical group. I am speaking of the more "refayned" type of English actor, and even of the ordinary well-educated Englishman whom one meets in London and on the Riviera. They distort good old Anglo-Saxon words into mere blobs of sound, eliminating letters and syllables at will. And what they do to *French* words must not be mentioned here because that is not strictly within the range of this thesis.

But it is safe to predict that a comparative tabulation of words in common use in England and America, analyzed phonetically as pronounced in each country, would give America a startling lead over the mother-country in accuracy. Saying them through the nose, as many Americans do, may not be so pleasant as saying them through the large palate, as many Englishmen do, but the words themselves get a better break and, at least, the integrity of the sentence is preserved.

The time is about ripe for someone to write a skit for an American revue, in which are reproduced the sounds made by a group of English juveniles such as come over here every year in

plays of post-war younger-generationism, bounding on and off the stage carrying tennis racquets and giving off exuberance to the point of combustion. If I were writing such a sketch I would open the scene with two or three young gentlemen and ladies lying about on window-seats and porch chairs in careless fashion, with conversation running something like this:

Basil: Wotjuthinkofrehddie? Hesbeanofflyapsehtletly.

Joan: Eheaidehntkneh-hehesentehnyfethleft.

At this point Reggie would come bursting into the room, with his shirt open at the neck, fresh from badminton and would call:

Elleuhvrybohddyweresahncle?

Things would go on like this for a minute or two with absolutely no word being spoken, just a series of British sounds with a great deal of bounding about and quick darting movements of the head and arms. The young men would stand with feet wide apart and hands jammed down into the side pockets of their coats, while the young ladies would stand with their feet not quite so far apart and their hands jammed down into the pockets of their sweaters. It would all have to be played very fast and loosely and might end with their all putting their heads together and doing the thing in harmony, still with no words.

Is that the kind of English we want our children to hear? If, and when, England makes talking-pictures which are brought over to this country, are we to sit by and let minors absorb this sort of distortion of our mother-tongue? We pay good money to have them taught to say "don't" and "donkey." Are they to be led by outlanders into saying "dehn't" and "dehnkey"? We have been brought up to believe that dropping the final "g" is the mark of a vulgarian. Are our children to hear "nice people" from England saying "runnin'" and "singin'"? No, a theuhsend tehms Neuh!

The fact is that neither Americans nor English have anything to boast of in the matter of pronunciations of their common tongue. There are a few people in each country who have got the hang of it, but for the most part a pretty bad job has been made of the whole thing. Probably the best English is spoken by foreigners who have taken the pains to learn it correctly.

Big Changes Ahead!

Condensed from The American Magazine (January, '30)

C. F. Kettering, interviewed by John T. Flynn

Mr. Kettering is general manager of the General Motors Research Corporation

"THE business of this corporation's research laboratories," Charles F. Kettering tells you, "is to keep the customers dissatisfied."

This sounds a bit startling, so he explains: "There is nothing worse than a satisfied customer. A world full of satisfied customers would kill business deader than a doornail. If you want to see plenty of satisfied customers, go to China. If customers had always been satisfied with their automobiles, we would still be building funny horseless carriages."

Again he astonished me by his attitude toward experts. Naturally I thought his laboratory was a nest of experts.

"Experts!" he said. "No, sir. This is a place where we are supposed to do things. Experts are people who are paid to tell you what you cannot do."

Later I spoke of paying men "for what they know." That's a well known bromide in business.

"We don't pay people for what they know around here!" said Kettering. "Nobody knows enough to be worth much. An encyclopedia knows more than any 50 men you could hire, and you don't have to board it. If you hire a man who thinks he knows something about a problem, the first thing you know he will be telling others what he knows, and after a while everybody will know that the problem cannot be solved. We try to hire men who have intelligent ignorance."

These remarks, I hope, show that Charles Kettering is a bromide buster, a man who specializes in stirring things up. Here is what he had to say about the future of American business:

"The fellow who doesn't like change is in for an uncomfortable time. But the rest of us are in for one of the most interesting periods in our history.

"Take the automobile. Every now and then someone will say to me, 'Why don't you fellows let the automobile alone at least until we get the last model paid for? By the time we make our last payment the old car is useless.' Of course the old car is not useless. A better one has been manufactured, it is true, but the old one has not suffered save by use. And does anyone seriously think the automobile industry should stop trying to make better

automobiles? At present, for instance, only about eight percent of the gasoline used in a car is transformed into power. The other 92 percent goes up in smoke, moisture, and bad smells. Ought we really to stop trying to put more of your gasoline to use?

"However, what I want to bring out is this, that we have developed the automobile pretty far — though we have only scratched the surface — but meantime the country has not adapted itself to the automobile. It is still a horse-and-buggy world. Your car will easily go 60 miles an hour. But make a trip to a town 60 miles away and it will take you two hours or more. Why? Because you will have to pass through the busiest streets of a dozen small towns. If this country were built for the automobile, you would go along an express highway around the towns and you would make your 60-mile journey in an hour. And this will come so quickly now that you may be surprised at it.

"Here is another force to reckon with: Have you ever asked yourself why people live in the north? The brisk, energizing, cold climate, you answer. But what about furnaces? Would people live in this climate if they could not change it? Now, down in the tropics, progress has been slow because of the climate. The heat produces lassitude. But if the north can make its climate habitable by heating houses, why cannot the south improve its climate by cooling its houses? The thing can easily be done. And think how population movements and industry will be affected when the tropic man begins buying temperature!

"Again, we still build our houses much as we built them 200 years ago. When we want an automobile we do not have a dozen different dealers deliver steel and wheels and tires and springs and then hire a mechanic to put them together. What would an automobile cost built that way? Yet that is the way we still build houses.

"Our present house designs are far from satisfactory. Yet if I were to build you a modern house with every change suggested by scientific research, you would not buy it unless I made it imitate a house of bricks and shingles put up on the lot. The first automobiles were made like horseless carriages because a carriage drawn by a horse was the pattern of transit fixed in the mind. When the first bicycle was invented, men had in mind a substitute for a horse. So they built a small wooden horse — like those in merry-go-rounds — with a wheel between the front legs and another between the hind legs. These things are the

tributes we have to pay to the slow gait of the human mind.

"I suppose there is something fine and impressive about grand old business institutions. But my advice is to watch the young industries. Our greatest industries in this country today are the new ones. And they are all dominated by young men who are ignorant enough to suppose that anything they imagine they can do. Fundamentally they are right. Anything the human mind can imagine, the human mind can do. And now watch the human mind of this new generation go to work on some of the problems of living and transform our whole industrial structure.

"Take clothing, for instance. For centuries we have ripped the cocoon from the silk-worm to make ourselves silks. Now rayon is with us: almost the first industry built on man's deliberate hunt for an article of clothing. It is a vast industry. We are going to see rise a whole string of similar industries, giving us new foods as well as new clothing.

"If you would know how swiftly these things can come look at the movies. Two years ago nothing in the world was troubling movie magnates less than the problem of putting bass notes on a phonograph record. But it was troubling another fellow. In fact, he learned how to do it, and as a result the moving-picture business was turned upside down by the talkies within a year.

"Keep your eye on the wonderful science of organic chemistry. It is going to do wonderful things in the next decade or two.

"Nothing can stop the changes which are coming. Business men say that business needs to be stabilized. When a man says that he means that he would like to get his business fixed up so that he won't have to worry about it any more. Now, the ordinary workman gets six or eight dollars a day. The executive thinks he ought to get $25 or $50 or more a day. His argument is that he is furnishing the gray matter and doing the worrying for the whole plant. It's a good argument if it is so. But with that argument hot in his mind he will turn around and tell you he wants to get business fixed up so he won't have to worry. If you want stability in business, go to the Oriental countries. They got their business stabilized over there hundreds of years ago.

"Will Rogers once said of New York that it will be a great city when it is finished. Others say that ours will be a great country when it is finished. I believe it will be no good when it is finished. The life will have gone out of it. But we can be thankful for this — that it will never be finished!"

Why Labor Fears Science

Condensed from The Realist, An English Monthly (April, '29)

John Gibson

THE Worker sees science necessarily through eyes very dimmed and prejudiced, for he has not had the training to see it otherwise. Its true content and its method are far beyond the reach of the great majority of Workers, and those who have gleaned a certain knowledge of it — through popular books and magazines — generally misunderstand its intentions. This is not surprising when, remembering how deeply rooted is "self" in man, we consider how the worker suffers as a direct result of the achievements of science in the industrial field. It is common to hear of a machine that will do the work of hundreds of men — at the same time we hear of widespread unemployment. I do not mean that the machine is the chief cause of unemployment, but certainly it is one of the immediate causes.

It may be wonderful that a machine *can* do the work of a thousand men, but if you are one of the thousand displaced and thrown on the crowded employment market, with dank poverty facing you, then your admiration of the scientific wonder is considerably diminished. The machine with its consequent displacement of labor is hated and dreaded by the Workers. Moreover, the Workers do not understand why every step in the line of progress should be taken at their expense. The injustice of the thing appalls them, and they lay the blame on the most apparent cause — science.

Nor does the opposition to science always remain inactive. The writer recalls being at work on a concreting job. A gang of six picked men mixed the cement with their shovels in the old way. It was arduous work, and these skilled men received higher wages than the others. Being picked men, they assumed greater independence, and were notoriously lazy. Then one day a patent concrete mixer arrived. The remarks of the Workers are unprintable; a sudden transformation came over them: no longer were they lazy and independent. For the next three days they worked like robots. It was never definitely established whether six men or one man and a machine turned out most concrete in a week, for on the third day the machine met with a series of mishaps; the belts broke, gravel had found its way

into the mechanism, and to crown it all some unknown hand had filled a petrol can with water and placed it among the supplies — this the man in charge of the machine inadvertently filled his tank with.

Where the workers are sufficiently organized they will strike against the introduction of labor-displacing machinery. It is one of the few things they are really united about. Patent paint-sprayers, for instance, cannot be used on any building job where the Workers are strongly organized. The hideous and nerve-racking noise of the pneumatic drill, together with the work it accomplishes, causes many complaints. Does the scientist take the Worker into account when he designs his mechanisms? Apparently not — apparently the human factor never enters his head. His machine may do work that once needed craft and skill; for him that means achievement, for the worker it means ruin — years wasted learning a thing that now any child can do by pulling a lever — it means insecurity, bitter struggle, and poverty. One cannot help imagining a scientist as an enormously preoccupied individual willingly prepared to blow the whole world to atoms, himself included, for the sake of testing the power of some new explosive.

Not long ago I was walking through an ultra-modern factory where a series of never-ending bands dragged various tinned goods along to be tended. From one point all you could see was tins coming on in rows of six. The rows divided and passed before lines of girls. Each girl did just one thing and then passed the product along. Each action was strictly methodical, occupying about two seconds. The flow of tins was unceasing — nothing stopped it — not a sneeze or a cough. The girls employed looked white and weary, as well they might. If anyone would like to try the effect of such work, let him pin a small sheet of paper on the wall two feet above his hand, stand 18 inches from it and touch the paper once every two seconds. Try to keep this up for four hours — after which, I venture to suggest, the experimenter will be fit for nothing but sleep, or alcohol. The girls in the factory have four more hours to do after an hour's break! A fellow Worker who was with me at the time remarked: "Gawd! can yer wonder at 'em taking to prostitution?"

Workers do not often discuss science. Their conversation is, I should estimate, divided up about like this:

Football, horse-racing, and other sports	50	percent
Sex	30	"
Current news	12	"
Politics	7	"
Science	1	"

When science does come up it is usually cursed and regarded as an adversary to religion.

Few Workers have the faintest idea that there is such a thing as research; they regard the achievements of science merely as inventions — spasmodic ideas. They know nothing of the slow, tireless work and experiment that goes on, of the endless study involved, of the gradual improvement on first principles. They have either never heard of — or have forgotten — Stevenson's Rocket; the modern locomotive is to them not the result of years of research, but just an invention. To them scientists are a group of funny old men who believe that there is no God and that we all originated from monkeys. The many accomplishments of science are inventions. Try to explain the theory of evolution to them and nine out of ten will give you a look of incredulity and ask, "Why is it the monkeys of today don't develop into men?"

Another curious trait is that the science that deals with radio, for instance, is not recognized as part of the science that displaces labor by machinery. A radio set of some description will be found in most working-class homes, and it is truly amazing to hear the semi-technical terms connected with radio with which the Workers are conversant. They even buy the parts and make their own sets.

Again, look at the motorcycles possessed by young unmarried men. They never take them to a garage except for petrol. They make even the most complicated repairs themselves. They never read how to do it — they simply learn from one another. These examples show how readily the Worker will take to new ideas when there is no detrimental effect. He likes these things. They do not represent science in his thinking.

The opposition of the Workers to science in industry may not be enlightened, but it has a measure of justice: science turns a blind eye to the trail of human suffering that follows its achievements. Whether science can do otherwise is problematical; but to fair-minded people it will seem only right that in future, instead of scientific achievements being thrown idly into the wasteful scales of competition, some at least might go to provide for greater leisure time and an improved standard of life for the Workers.

Today's Paper

Condensed from The Technology Review (December, '29)

John Rowlands

FOR news, that most perishable of commodities, public thirst can never be quenched. Its bounds are constantly widening; it knows no seasonal fluctuations. Nothing is older than last night's newspaper and myriads of correspondents are relentlessly engaged in a pursuit to regather anew the intelligence of the world, swiftly and completely — and accurately. Modern newspaperdom does its thinking in terms of today. Tomorrow it may consider, for tomorrow is news in the making; yesterday is gone, useful merely as a background for facts of the moment.

In Colonial days journalism was a leisurely process, an era of personalities when the vehemently expressed views of the editor were the chief distinction of a paper. Material for the news columns brought by sailing ships or couriers was welcomed weeks or even months after the events took place. Type was laboriously set by hand and presswork was equally slow as compared to modern standards. In fact, until the 1840's conditions resembled those of the days of George Washington. He, for example, was notified by courier of his election some weeks after the balloting, and had occupied the Presidency practically a year before the complete count of the election returns had been compiled.

In the 1840's, however, a new era opened with Morse's invention of the telegraph and the perfection of the rotary press by Hoe. Upon the foundation they created has been erected the modern news-gathering structure which made it possible to collect and publish tabulated results of Mr. Hoover's victory less than six hours after the last poll closed.

The first message sent across a transatlantic cable was from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, and the 90 words of the message required 67 minutes for transmission. Modern automatic transmitters shoot messages at 300 words per minute.

With the advent of telegraph and cable, newspapers took on a new aspect of timeliness, and fast press room machinery began to be demanded. Richard Hoe of New York built a revolving "Lightning Press" propelled by steam for the London *Times*. Luther C. Crowell, a Cape Cod fisherman with rare mechanical

talents, produced in the 1880's a folding device for presses which up to that time had delivered only uncollated sheets, and Joseph Pulitzer was the first publisher to try it out. Mr. Pulitzer was nearly demented by its vagaries, but in time the Crowell attachment became a success. It is the base of our monster machines of today.

Newspaperdom's modern favorite, the complex double octuple rotary press, has a production speed of nearly 70,000 papers of 32 pages per hour. It prints, cuts, folds and counts that number of copies at the touch of a button.

The perfection of the linotype, an invention of Ottmar Mergenthaler of Baltimore, in 1886, effected a revolution in printing in that it substituted the line instead of the letter as the unit of composition. It was first tried out by the New York *Tribune*, and today "linos" are in the composing room of virtually every large newspaper in the world.

Illustrations for daily newspapers came into use in a limited way about 1870, but there were no fast methods of reproduction. Soon afterward Frederick E. Ives of Cornell University invented the photographic half-tone, which rapidly superseded the wood engraving method.

In the course of the 19th century two great changes were made in the art of papermaking, which had not been improved since the Middle Ages. First a mechanical method of making paper in a continuous web, instead of by hand in sheets, was invented by a Frenchman named Roberts. Second, a substitute for rags as the chief constituent was found in wood pulp.

With invention after invention heaped at their disposal it was but natural that the enterprise of such editors as Bennett, Greeley, Bowles, Dana and Godkin led their papers to reach out to far-away places for news. The competitive spirit once aroused, the telegraph and cable bills soared. Publishers soon realized that by coöperating to divide the cost of gathering distant news, the expense to the individual paper would be lessened and the scope of the field covered could be greatly enlarged. From that beginning grew the modern American press associations, such as the Associated Press and the United Press. These press associations not only distribute news to American papers, but to the press of many foreign countries, and their dispatches are read by more than 150,000,000 people. The sole responsibility of the press association is to gather the news of the world accurately and transmit it to newspapers rapidly. Gathering, writing and distribution of news by them goes on night and day. Every minute

is a deadline and somewhere a newspaper is going to press.

The great foreign agencies are *The Reuter Telegram Company, Ltd.*, of London; the *Agence Havas* of Paris; the *Continental Telegraphen Compagnie* or Wolff Bureau of Berlin, the *Tass* Agency of Russia and the Canadian Press. The first three antedated American press associations. Baron Julius von Reuter of Hesse Cassel in Germany in 1849 began forwarding news from Aix to German papers by carrier pigeons. In 1851 he moved to London. Charles Havas established a carrier pigeon service from Paris to London and Brussels as early as 1835.

The first major newspaper story sent by radio came through on September 6, 1909. It was sent to the Associated Press in New York from Battle Harbor, Labrador. It said, "Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole" and the signature was "Robert E. Peary." Within ten minutes every newspaper served by the Associated Press had received the news. Contrasted with the facilities of today, Peary's great feat was a long time in reaching the newspapers. His announcement came six months after the day he reached the pole. When Commander Byrd flew over the Pole in 1926, leaving his base in the morning and returning to it the same evening, newspapers told the story less than ten hours after the plane circled over the Pole.

Six years after Peary's message, one of the country's great laboratories brought forth the automatic printer or printer telegraph. Its possibilities for speeding-up the news seemed boundless. It employs a typewriter which transmits varied electrical impulses at the touch of the individual keys, enabling the operator at the typewriter to set up type a thousand miles away.

With the products of science now at hand, what is to prevent the issuance of a master newspaper in New York and transmitting it by wire and air, column by column, page by page, to a thousand newspaper offices, there to be reproduced on the engraver's plate and quickly printed? Even metropolitan dailies might simplify their task by connecting in rotation to London, Paris, Rome, and the like, quickly switching to Paris, for example, if London's story didn't quite fill the column. This would be a new development of the oldtime "boilerplate" services with a vengeance!

In time newspaper photographs will be reproduced in natural colors; their cheapness will make them in reach of every paper. Is this more visionary than talkie movies as a practical proposition were three or four years ago?

Turkey in Transition

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (December, '29)

Kirby Page

Editor of "The World Tomorrow," who has lately engaged in a study of Turkish conditions

TURKEY, the "sick man of Europe," seemed to be gasping his last breath at the end of the World War. Then came the formation of the Nationalist party, and with it a startling resuscitation. Now, changes that usually require centuries are being crowded into decades. The triumphant Nationalist party is applying one test to every aspect of life: does it further the interests of nationalist Turkey? If so, it must be conserved; if not, it must be swept away.

First, the Nationalists succeeded in abolishing the "Capitulations" whereby foreigners in Turkey had been granted immunity to Turkish laws and taxes. Thus Turkey is now mistress in her own household.

Next, it seemed advisable to abolish the sultanate, replacing the Sultan with a President. In 1922 the Nationalist Assembly placed Mohammed VI on trial for treason, and he fled to Malta. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was then elected the first President of the Turkish Republic and has since ruled with an iron hand.

The abolition of the sultanate brought another grave problem. The Sultan was also Caliph, head of the religious system not only in Turkey, but also spiritual sovereign of all Islamic lands. The Caliph was venerated by Moslems as the supreme representative of Mohammed, the Bearer of the Mantle of the Prophet. The National Assembly first tried to meet the problem by appointing a new non-political Caliph. A brief trial convinced them, however, that a dual government of this character was too dangerous to be tolerated, and in 1924 the National Assembly passed a law entirely abolishing the Ottoman Caliphate — one of the startling acts of history.

It was now proposed to separate not only church and state, but religion and education. A determined and successful effort is being made to substitute secular education for the mosque schools where boys devoted their time to memorizing the Koran. Numerous drastic measures have been adopted in the attempt to break the power of religious institutions. All religious orders, including the Dervishes, have been abolished. A recent amendment has eliminated the clause that Islam is the religion of Tur-

key, and officials are no longer required to take a religious oath.

The program of nationalist education has also demanded the scrapping of the Arabic alphabet and the adoption of the Latin letters of the West. After some months of warning and preparation, the use of the Arabic alphabet was made illegal after December 1, 1928. Since that date all books, magazines, and newspapers have been printed exclusively in Roman letters. For some time the major energies of the nation were devoted to the mastery of the new alphabet. Children and adults alike went to school and learned to read in the new letters. Within a few weeks 600,000 adults learned to read newspapers printed in the Roman letters.

The separation of religion and law is another accomplishment of the nationalists. For centuries the Koran had constituted the foundation of Turkish law. All this has now been superseded. The new civil code is based upon the Swiss code, the penal code upon that of Italy, and the commercial code upon the German.

Socially, incredible transformations are being wrought. The seclusion of women and the wearing of the veil are being abandoned. I was in Turkey three days before I saw a single veiled woman. To realize the drastic nature of this change one must keep in mind the fact that formerly for a Moslem woman to appear in public with her face exposed was considered as shameful as it would be for an American woman to appear on the streets nude to the waist. Social dancing between the sexes is sweeping the country. Short skirts and low necked dresses are popular. Polygamy has been made illegal throughout the nation.

The law making the wearing of hats compulsory for all male citizens was far more radical than it appears. The abolition of the fez and the substitution of the hat have made it impossible for Moslems to comply with the double requirement that during prayer the worshipper must keep his head covered and at the same time touch the ground with his forehead. In some regions hostility to the new law had to be suppressed by armed force.

A transfer of the capital from the Bosphorus to the interior was necessitated by the nationalist program. Constantinople, or Stamboul as the Turks insist that it be called, is too much dominated by Europeans and is too vulnerable in wartime; consequently Angora has been selected. Angora is indeed a living miracle. From a medieval fortress on a barren hill it is being transformed into a modern capital with wide paved streets and handsome buildings equipped with the latest

office appliances. The finest of the new hotels would be an object of extravagant boasting in any American city of similar size. The rates are as high as those charged on the Riviera. Half a million dollars has been expended on a magnificent new nationalist social and cultural club for young people.

All these remarkable achievements of Turkish nationalism appear even more amazing when one recalls the handicaps that have been overcome. Politically the Turks had a heritage of tyranny and corruption for many centuries. The country is desperately poor. Much of the soil is arid, and agricultural methods are primitive. Artificial fertilizers are rarely used, and manures are burned as fuel instead of being used to enrich the soil. Industry is in a backward state. Taxes are exceedingly high. A huge national debt was inherited. The adverse trade balance is severe. Transportation facilities are wholly inadequate. Very little foreign capital is allowed to come in because of Turkish fears of foreign domination. The health of a considerable portion of the people is bad. Malaria, tuberculosis, venereal disease, trachoma and dysentery are especially prevalent.

Recognition of the achievements of the Turkish nationalists in the face of such stupendous obstacles should not, however, blind us to their shortcomings and perils. The present government is a military dictatorship. Everywhere Mustafa Kemal Pasha is acclaimed as the Gazi or Victor. But everyone is constantly asking: "What will happen when the Gazi dies?" The answer is a deep mystery.

A second cause of apprehension is the scarcity of men of high moral character for positions of leadership. One hears disquieting stories about the prevalence of graft. Drinking among officials seems to be on the increase. The Gazi himself is notoriously dissolute. Indeed the rumor is persistent that he is drinking himself to death. The Mayor of Maras recently officiated at the public opening of a brothel in much the same way that the mayor of an American city dedicates a new baseball park. The rapid disintegration of Islam has had certain disastrous effects. Devout Moslems have usually been total abstainers. At present most educated Turks are either agnostics or atheists and lack the disciplines of religion. Whether secularized Turkey can produce men of self-control, integrity, and public spirit in sufficient numbers to carry the nationalist program to permanent success, remains to be seen.

The World Must Outlaw Noise

Condensed from Popular Science (January, '30)

E. E. Free

Chemist and physicist; former editor of the "Scientific American"

NOISE is on the increase. Each new invention seems noisier than the last. On city streets people are already from one-third to one-half deafened by the average noise. Thomas Edison has predicted that sooner or later increasingly noisy streets will end by deafening all of their citizens permanently.

Scientific societies and psychologists are hard at work on the problem of noise. But the present agitation against noise is not the first one. A generation ago a New York woman, Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, put through at least three definite reforms: the suppression of street cries by peddlers, a decrease in whistling by boats in New York harbor, and the institution of quiet zones around hospitals.

But gradually have come new noises — riveting, siren-blowing, and perhaps worst of all, the radio loudspeaker. Concerned by these newer city noises, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, a New York magazine editor, undertook, four years ago, a new anti-noise agitation, just now reaching its fruition in action. At Dr. Leach's request, my laboratory made a noise survey of New York City. Other surveys have been made in this country and abroad.

A few weeks ago Dr. Shirley Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, appointed seven citizens to serve without pay on a Noise Commission, in the effort to make New York less nerve-racking. Two methods of gathering data are being employed. First, a truck equipped with noise-testing apparatus is daily making its way through the city streets collecting first-hand evidence. Secondly, a questionnaire has been published for all citizens to fill out, indicating the specific noises which vex their neighborhoods at specific hours. The eyes of long-suffering noise haters will be on Dr. Wynne's Commission to see what remedies can be applied without too much interference with businesses.

This matter of interference is the worm in the noise engineer's apple. Any expert could make a city practically noiseless. But to decrease the average noise of New York City by three-fourths would increase the average cost

of living in the city by at least 20 percent. Few people would consider that worth while. Dr. Wynne must select the noises which can be eliminated with minimum cost.

The survey of New York City indicated that nearly all the noise is due to traffic. About 40 percent on the average noisy corner was traced to automobile trucks. A further 25 percent originates from the elevated railway. Surface electric cars account for about 20 percent, making a total of 85 percent of all New York's noise traceable to these three noise makers alone. Only 15 percent of the average din is left to be supplied by automobile horns, fire engines, riveting and excavating machinery, loudspeakers, and all the rest.

Automobile trucks do not have to be noisy. Five years' study of noise has convinced me that one simple regulation denying the city streets to any vehicle having any rattling part would decrease city noise by at least 50 percent. Combined with a few equally reasonable regulations about public loudspeakers, useless tooting of auto horns, mufflers on excavating machinery and the like, this would reduce the noise of most cities to tolerable levels with scarcely any cost.

It has been shown that some noises are "noisier" than others. The human ear catches rather high tones (the upper third of the piano keyboard) best of all. An engineer recently found that he could "take the noise out" of a well-known make of automobile engine simply by lowering the average pitch of the tones which the machine was singing. Actually it made as much noise as ever, but the human ear was less sensitive to it.

Psychologists are still trying to answer the question, "Which noises, if any, are really harmful to the human system?"

Ten years ago, at Columbia University, Professor John J. B. Morgan concluded from his studies that loud noises force the body to use more energy, consume slightly more food and oxygen. The whole energy-using mechanism of the human system seems to work, under noisy conditions, at a slightly faster rate. Professor Donald A. Laird at Colgate found that work under noisy conditions made his experimental subjects more tired than when they worked in quiet.

At Ohio Wesleyan University, Professor F. C. Dockeray, however, has uncovered evidence of stimulation by noise; of what have been nicknamed "noise cocktails." Testing the speed and accuracy of students doing mental work in noisy and quiet surroundings, he finds that noise, if not too loud or too long continued, has a small average advantage

over quiet. Apparently the noise keeps the student more alert and spurs his brain. This conclusion agrees well enough with the other ideas that noise increases the use of energy and increases fatigue.

Everything fits with the idea that noise may act as a nervous, bodily, and mental stimulant. To a person who is naturally sluggish, a noisy city may be a great benefit. To a person already alert and nervous, on the other hand, "noise cocktails" may provide too much stimulation. Some observers already see this overstimulation in what they deem over-nervous America.

Another effect of noise, of psychological importance, is the exceptional annoyance caused by a few specific sounds, like scraping a steel shovel over a cement floor, or drawing a lead pencil across a plate glass window. The city noise which comes nearest to belonging in this class seems to be riveting on steel buildings.

Certain very annoying noise makers can easily be suppressed by any city. One is the public loudspeaker. Again, any city can discourage the over-enthusiasm of firemen who work the sirens of fire engines responding to calls at night. Riveting may some day be replaced by welding, but there are still grave technical and legal difficulties about this change, and antiriveting regulations seem premature. Such noises as the careless handling of ash cans, the cowbells on junk wagons and the horns of fish peddlers have no rightful place in a city.

A noise which I believe to be altogether useless and easily eliminated is that of the automobile horn. There is no reason why the blowing of an automobile horn in a city, except in an emergency, should not be punishable by jail. An actual census of automobile toots on a typical New York City street corner a few weeks ago showed that less than three percent of them were necessary. The other 97 percent were useless and ill-mannered shouts to someone else to get out of the tooter's way. If civilized pedestrians shouted insults at each other when they met on the sidewalk in the same mental attitude in which the average automobile driver toots his horn, the daily average of black eyes and punched noses would show a startling increase.

Whatever psychologists eventually decide about the results of noise, there is no doubt that it is annoying millions of citizens. When these citizens get mad enough, excessive city noise will be stopped by the force of public opinion.

Not by Profit Alone

Condensed from Printers' Ink (September 19, '29)

Roy Dickinson

IT is written in Deuteronomy that man shall not live by bread alone. It will be written, before many years have passed, in the field of management that mergers and business shall not live by profit alone. We are learning that any firm which merely exploits, taking as much as possible in profits for as little as possible in wages and service, is running on an extremely short-sighted policy.

Industrial mergers are taking place today at an unprecedented rate. Now, it is admitted that the merger does not always operate more efficiently than the smaller concern. But it has "superior bargaining power." This bargaining power may be brought into action in the form of buying and selling, and in dealing with labor in the plant: it can be used both to bulldoze manufacturers into giving the merger better terms than the small store could get, and also to "cut down overhead" by ruthlessly throwing overboard old employes and replacing them with younger, cheaper help and machinery. All these changes are made so that the merger may proudly announce that it is doing 120 percent more business with 5 percent less employes.

One begins to wonder, at this point, what kind of machines are going to use up the shoe leather, the automobiles and the radio sets which the big mergers are producing so fast, if they are getting rid of the people who use them up.

The men who make mergers often injure purchasing power, also, by doing away with stock ownership plans. It has been shown in many cases that the bankers who form the mergers do not look with favor upon some of the plans which have for so long been in effect in manufacturing institutions.

Yet it takes no skilled economist to prove how greatly profit sharing has increased the purchasing power of the masses in America. Bankers will be making a great mistake if they do not inquire closely into this fundamental aspect of American economic life before they lop off the profit-sharing and pension plans of some of the companies they merge. By trying for the immediate saving they are going to impair seriously the purchasing power of large numbers of

American citizens who have kept the wheels of industry turning by buying up and using up the products of the great industrial corporations.

A glance at any one of these profit-sharing plans should prove the point. Take Sears, Roebuck & Company. No employe has so humble a position that he cannot share in their plan. The owners of the business wanted every minor employe as well as executive to be able to derive benefit from their work while they were yet able to enjoy it, not to wait until it was time to pension them off. A few recent withdrawals from the pension fund as reported in *Chain Store Age* will indicate how purchasing power of the individual is affected under this plan.

Sex	*Amount Deposited*	*Amount Withdrawn*	*Time Employed*
Female	$416	$9,209	12 yrs.
Male	672	18,717	15 yrs.
Female	194	3,233	6 yrs.
Female	1,682	47,768	16 yrs.
Female	909	25,846	28 yrs.
Male	1,442	39,980	19 yrs.
Female	61	609	3 yrs.

When a banker sees that a female operator who deposited $1682 in the fund withdrew almost $48,000 at the end of 16 years, he should get a bird's-eye view of what the scores of profit-sharing plans of other companies have meant to the continuous purchasing power of people who make prosperity permanent.

A tabulation of the surprisingly large sums which have been paid to retiring employes by various profit-sharing plans would surprise some of the bankers who are now interested in merging the companies where such plans are in effect. It has very often happened that after 15 or 20 years' service, the amount withdrawn by an employe who was leaving, when invested at six percent, has exceeded the salary the employe received during his long period of service. It is almost unbelievable that some of these profit-sharing plans, so sure and sound a way to keep purchasing power alive, have been dropped overboard with no compunction.

This tampering with plans which have changed the whole economic structure, this killing off of ideas which took centuries of struggle and years of experimentation to perfect, is one of the most disturbing things about the whole merger era. When merger makers scuttle in a moment the final results of years of effort on the part of practical and far-sighted business men, they are acting like economic imbeciles.

This danger and a very outspoken criticism of certain business trends has been well expressed by T. E. Mitten, who for 20 years has been noted as the solver of unusual labor difficulties. He said:

"Certain principles have with-

stood the test of time and stress on the Mitten properties. They have proved that:

"1. We must give the worker a full voice equal to that of the management in all matters that affect his wages and working conditions.

"2. We must give the worker assurance of a fair return in wages and also added reward in accordance with the success of his efforts.

"3. We must see that the worker is given full opportunity to invest his own capital in the workshop in which he earns his daily bread, and see to it that this investment is of such a nature that it will give the worker so great an influence in management that American industry will always be assured of a management in sympathy with labor.

"Our huge industrial units, now inevitable, are in danger of losing this conception of the labor problem as active management is farther removed from the worker. The situation calls for courageous leadership and a forward looking national labor policy."

A striving for immediate profit to pay dividends upon huge capitalization can do much to undermine our prosperity. It took many years to bring that prosperity about. It is not going to be sufficient for the giant mergers to produce abundantly. They must also be able to distribute intelligently; and that depends on wide consumption. Mass production cannot go on without mass consumption. By hacking away at certain details of mass consumption the mergers are undermining the structure upon which their giant consolidations have been erected.

The men who built up the businesses which the bankers are now so eager to merge worked adventurously. They did not fear revolutionary plans. Because of them the country rose in a short 30 years from a condition of economic illiteracy to the highest plane of economic intelligence that has ever been touched by a people. But it is well to point out that a consideration of the needs of the worker preceded the present period of prosperity. The American economic machine can not continue to produce its record prosperity if its managers try to work it on a basis of immediate profit alone.

Father Power's Grave at Malden

Condensed from America, A-Catholic-Review-of-the-Week (November 30, '29)

Francis Talbot, S.J.

IF you travel to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Malden, Massachusetts, you arrive face to face with one of the amazing spectacles of our times.

As far as the eye can reach, automobiles are parked along the highway. Thousands of people hurry through the cemetery gates. About the grave is a closely packed mass.

"Touch the stone and pass along," the policeman calls in a subdued voice. Upon the stone is a statue of Christ, and of the Blessed Virgin, votive offerings, and hundreds of rosaries, and crutches, and a basket of offerings. Men and women, holding children by the hand, fall on their knees in the mud alongside the stone slab. The stone is wet; they rub their handkerchiefs on the stone; they rest on it bottles with water in them; they touch their fingers to it and bless themselves; they scoop out a handful of clay from where they are kneeling. "Pass along, please, hundreds of others are waiting," the policeman urges.

On the last Sunday in October, this grave was as peaceful as the other graves beside it. In the first three weeks of November the grave became a magnet, drawing people by the millions, from all of Boston and Massachusetts, from all New England, from Southern and Western states.

It is Monday morning. On Sunday 250,000 people had visited the grave. All Sunday night, thousands had kept vigil near it. A slashing rain blows across the cemetery on Monday morning. A little girl hobbles up to the grave on crutches. An old woman bares her knee and rests it on the muddy stone. A sturdy young woman places a newspaper on the corner of the slab and lays a scrofulous-looking baby upon it. Three men carry a young man with the face of an angel; his legs are shrivelled; they sit him on the stone and kneel beside him; the rain beats on their bare heads; fifteen minutes pass, they lift him up and carry him away, his legs still dangling. Women on whose faces disease has engraven itself, crippled children, men in wheeling-chairs, pause at the grave, and pray. And one prays with them fiercely, for the sight of so much misery softens the soul. All afternoon it rains; 25,000 people brave the rain on this one bleak day.

It is 11 P. M. Vigil lights flicker upon the slab, lighting up the faces of old and young kneeling on the muddy ground.

Hundreds of thousands of people have gathered, and are continuing to gather, about this grave, bringing their beloved cripples with them. They have carried their sick away with them; but they have returned, hoping and praying fervently that their sick may receive the favor granted to some others. And those others? Arms that were useless felt new vigor in them. Legs that were paralyzed became strong enough to walk. Eyes that could not see, received sight. Closed ears heard sounds. Infected spines were cured and made supple. Marvels such as these have been reported as occurring to men and women, to children, to babes in arms. The record of them is in print.

Are these miracles? Who would dare to say they were, as yet? And who would have so little faith as to say that they were not miracles? One fact is certain: men, women, children have entered those cemetery gates helpless, diseased; they have gone away professing that their ailments had left them. Is there a supernatural force rising up from the remains of a priest buried 60 years ago? Or is there a natural cause working in some strange, undefined way that has a curative effect on the mind and the body?

For the present, the silence of the grave must be the only answer to these questions. Many may try to explain the facts. But the Church studiously avoids any word or any action that would encourage or that would discourage this drama of real life that is energizing about the grave of an obscure priest.

The mystery remains. But above all, the tremendous outburst of faith that has flared out among the millions of Catholics in Boston and its suburbs, and that has spread throughout the country is more amazing than the cures, whatever their cause may be. For it recognizes that it is no difficult matter for God to give life out of a cemetery and health out of a grave.

"Miracles" at Malden

Condensed from The Nation (December 4, '29)

Gardner Jackson
Boston newspaperman

AT a morning mass on Sunday, October 27, Father Walsh of Malden announced that cures at Father Power's grave had been reported to him.

The city editor of Boston's only tabloid heard of this announcement and sent a reporter to interview those who were cured. Then the tabloid played the story on the front page with streamer headline and pictures. The cemetery officials were incensed with the tabloid reporter, and tried to keep him from the cemetery. But he won out. More cures were reported. The account gathered momentum. Other papers had to pay heed. Thousands were standing in line to kneel at the grave — scores and hundreds of thousands.

What of the reported cures? I have checked up as thoroughly as possible on three of them. The outstanding case among all those yet reported is that of Laura J. Moody, age 18, of Dorchester. Miss Moody was carried to the cemetery on Armistice Day in a plaster cast from neck to hips. She was said to be suffering from an incurable spinal deformity. At the cemetery she fainted on the grave and was carried away. When revived she declared she could walk, and did so, back to the grave, where she prayed. She then went to the chapel some 200 yards distant where she left her plaster cast on the altar.

I visited Miss Moody three days later at home. She was agile and excitedly happy. A steady procession of visitors (friends and strangers) interrupted the interview. One woman arranged to have Miss Moody address a woman's organization. The family doctor came in — Dr. Edward J. Leonard, a graduate of Georgetown in the class of 1926. He corroborated everything I had been told. "A miracle," he said, "that's all I can say."

Miss Moody's record at City Hospital, where she was a patient for 11 months just prior to her cure concludes thus: "Patient discharged with bi-valve plastic jacket and crutches and instructed to walk." Miss Moody did not walk upon her discharge. She retired to a bed. The house officers at the hospital who saw Miss Moody day in and day out were blunt. "Most of her trouble was hysteria. When we

wanted her to walk she wouldn't try." The X-ray pictures of her spine are the crucial test. One taken soon after her admission to the hospital showed a slight cloudiness which gave basis to the suspicion of spinal arthritis. All others, taken during her stay, showed the spine to be normal.

I had an interview with her visiting staff physician. "I believe in the supernatural," he said, "and if you are going to print anything ridiculing the faith of those people at the cemetery I don't want to have any part in it." I assured him I wished to report only facts. He then said that the recovery of Miss Moody can justly be classed as a miracle. "No," he agreed, "there was nothing organically wrong with her, but she had acquired the habit of invalidism. Her experience at the cemetery broke that habit." He admitted that treatment by a psychiatrist might also have broken the habit.

The Boston newspapers which reported Miss Moody's cure have made no effort, so far, to ascertain the physical facts in her case, or if they have, they have not printed the facts.

Another case that commanded attention was that of Vincent O'Neill, reported cured of congenital stone blindness. This is what his father told me: "The boy has never been stone blind. One eye has perfect vision. He was taken to the grave by a neighbor woman without my knowledge. It did nothing to him. I called up the newspapers and told them the facts. They refused to print them."

Harold Sheehan, age 7, was reported as having laid aside the braces from his two deformed legs. His mother told me: "Harold did not take his braces off. I wouldn't dare let him. But on the way home from the cemetery he kicked his right leg more than he ever had, and I hope it is improved. I plan to take him to the grave many times more."

The papers go on reporting cures, giving photographs. I've seen some of those photographs being taken — pitifully crippled children being urged to stand without braces for the camera men. I saw one boy collapse twice before he could get up strength to stand before the cameras with his braces in his hand.

The Boston newspapers, selling like hotcakes, are trading on the sincere faith of hundreds of thousands of their readers. It is shameless commercial journalism.

In Praise of Discontent

Condensed from The Ladies' Home Journal (December, '29)

Mary Roberts Rinehart
Noted author and playwright

ONE of my earliest memories is that of the way in which the furniture in the family home was moved about from time to time. One went out and came back, and lo! the piano had been moved, or the bed or the bureau. I realize now that these changes had a profound meaning; that my mother, unable to change her environment, found relief from monotony in altering her surroundings periodically. And why not? — to waken in the morning with the sun coming from a different angle, what more is many a holiday than just that?

Content — the absolute resignation to things as they are — is not a normal state of mind. It is fatalistic. There is a virtue in making the best of things, but that is cheerful acceptance, not content. There is a discontent, too, which is not normal — a jaundiced and unhealthy condition of the soul that arises from a selfish search for happiness. But there is a discontent which is healthy and normal. It is opposed to fatalism, it is active and not passive.

Discontent, in the constructive sense, is a higher faculty. Lazy people never know it. They may be irritable, resentful of conditions, but they passively accept. Peevishness is not discontent. The lazy woman may loathe her house, but she does not change it. The lazy man may hate his job, but he holds to it. There is energy in true discontent.

Just when we began to exalt content as a virtue I do not know. The church has so effeminized Jesus that, exhorted to follow Him, we are inclined to exalt weakness and decry strength. There was no weakness in Jesus, but a great and quiet strength, and a divine discontent with which He attacked the world apathetic to God around him. Without that discontent there would be no Christian world today.

It was discontent with the old conditions that gave our workingmen the will to improve their status. The worker today goes to work in his own car, and lives in a considerable degree of comfort. These benefits, however, were not handed to him on a silver platter. They were the result of organized discontent. It was out of discontent, too, that women left the monotony of their lives for remunerative work.

Discontent must not be a passive quality. Too many of us long for success but will not make the long drive for it. The vista of concentrated effort frightens us. We take what might be a useful discontent and turn it into idle dreaming or peevish grumbling. We want better things; we want full lives, interesting and complete, we want prosperity and success, but we will not work for them.

Let the discontented ones look at themselves and ask, "Where am I going?" Let them look about and ask, "What is lacking? What is wrong that can be made right? What is ugly that can be made beautiful?"

And after that, act. For there is energy in honest discontent.

Let's Not Wear Them!

(Continued from page 896)

At the moment, the ridiculous spectacle is seen of millions of women about to climb back into corsets, trains, long gloves and coiffures. Here is one of the most important emancipations of woman in the past 12 years, about to go for naught. Organization alone can save her from the predicament. "Down with the corset and up with the hemline!" should be the slogan of every woman who doesn't want to be bullied into doing something as undesirable as it is unwelcome.

FOR THE BLIND

THE READER'S DIGEST is the only ink-print monthly periodical issued in its entirety in Braille. Each Braille copy is a clothbound book, approximately 11 inches square in size, and 2 inches thick. It is sold at actual cost of production, $2.00 for a single copy or $20 a year (plus carriage charges), by the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky.

Cheese Preferred

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (January 4, '30)

Marie Beynon Ray

CHEESE is a delicacy; but unlike other delicacies, it is also a staple food — meat to the French, potatoes to the Dutch, breakfast, lunch and dinner to the Swiss. It is the oldest prepared food in the world, with the possible exception of butter.

There's nothing the epicure is more epicurean about — not even wines or teas or caviar — than his cheeses. He can tell to a day the proper period of ripening of a Limburger; distinguish at a glance the true Roquefort from all its imitations — even those made in Roquefort; discern by a whiff a bit of Gorgonzola from a bit of Stilton — sisters under their skins. A slight pressure of the finger reveals to him the ideal state of creaminess of a Camembert. He can judge — by tapping and listening — the perfect moment of ripening of a Parmesan. He must have his Gjetost cut with a fine wire, his Parmesan five years old and finely grated, his Petit Gervais served with wild strawberries.

There is a tale concerning the origin of cheese which is so logical that it must be true even if someone invented it. A traveler in Asia sat down one evening to refresh himself with a drink of milk which he carried in a sack made of a sheep's stomach. When he tipped this primitive bottle to his lips, instead of good milk, only a sickish whey flowed down his gullet. Curious, he cut open the sack and found, at the bottom, the first cheese, which had been formed by the action on the milk of the rennin in the not completely dried sheep's stomach. Of course, that's just how the first cheese must have been made.

Today we have five hundred varieties of cheese — all made of milk but all treated differently. Often the differences between cheeses are due to locality and have to do with such things as herbs in the grass, breed of cows, and atmospheric conditions. Take Roquefort, for example. They've been making it for 800 years in Roquefort, France. Its distinctive flavor is due to one factor — the caves of Roquefort. To tell another story which must be true, whether it is or not: A French shepherd, some eight centuries ago, took refuge from a storm one day in a cave, and when the storm was over, he forgot his lunch there. Returning

a few weeks later, he spied his lunch, the bread spoiled and the cheese infested with a curious green mold. He nibbled at the cheese, found it delectable, and thereafter began to leave bits of bread and cheese in the cave in order to procure for himself the same delicacy.

Nature had spent eons preparing for this momentous event, first by constructing the remarkable caves, and next, by providing such rocky pasture land that sheep (not cows) would graze there. Roquefort is made from sheep's milk. The bacteria which give it its flavor thrive only in the natural caverns. "Bastard" caverns have been built into the hills by manufacturers, but the artificial caves do not produce the same cheeses. A connoisseur distinguishes between them easily.

Some few cheeses like pot cheese and cream cheese are best eaten the day they are made; but most cheeses, the really "high" cheeses, beloved of the epicure, must be aged. This question of maturing cheeses is a delicate one, for a matter of a day or even a few hours sometimes makes all the difference between a perfect cheese and a mediocre one.

Go to Roquefort some time. Visit the caves where expert "cave men" tend the young cheeses as tenderly as though they were new-born infants. See the pampered sheep grazing upon fragrant herbs which grow only in the rockiest places; their milk (each sheep yields only a pint a day) has an aromatic content which helps to impart the correct Roquefort flavor.

You will remember that the shepherd left his bread with his cheese. It was the action of the bread crumbs on the cheese that produced the green mold. Hence, when the cheeses are placed in the cave, they must be sprinkled with specially prepared bread crumbs. After about six weeks of care, the "cave men" see a special mold appearing on the cheeses, and, with a machine consisting of many fine needles, they pierce the cheeses through and through. This encourages the famous "bacterium penicillium" to penetrate to the very heart of the cheese, marbleizing its oyster-white bulk to green.

This is Roquefort — the king of cheeses, the inimitable. There are other cheeses *like* it which some, even among connoisseurs, prefer. . . . There are the Gorgonzola fans (chiefly among the Italians, for this is Italy's attempt at Roquefort) and Stilton devotees — Stilton is the English cousin of Roquefort.

If you really want to see the honoring of cheese, you must go to Paris where every restaurant worthy of its name has a cheese cellar; where a chef would be as lost without cheese as without

eggs; where cheese creeps into the repast at every turn.

Stilton — there's an aristocrat! Imitation of Roquefort that it is, it, too, has succeeded in being inimitable. Nowhere can Stilton be made but in Leicestershire and Rutland, England. It is the most expensive of cheeses — $1.25 a pound — with a piquant flavor like nothing else on earth. Many connoisseurs put their Stilton in a crock of port wine and let it soak the wine up — but the truest connoisseurs wouldn't think of contaminating their Stilton with port.

And Edam! Stilton may be expensive, Roquefort may be historic, but Edam is picturesque. You know it in the shops — round, red cannon balls from which the top must be cut, prettily scalloping it, with a special Edam knife, and which should, if you're going to be technical about these things, be served with a silver scoop.

Now suppose you are cruising through the canals of Holland, say in the neighborhood of Thaarken and Vollendam. Suddenly you come upon the little town of Edam, its grassy banks dipping their toes in the canal, and on this vivid green carpet lie, as though Edam were expecting a siege, hundreds upon hundreds of red and yellow cannon balls. But if you dare to land, you will find only a quiet little village of 40 or so houses, which nevertheless has made its name a household word throughout the world. Enter one of these peasant homes and you'll find the guest-room reserved for the family cow.

Not all the milk for Edam cheese comes from these 40 homes. The world demands more Edam than that. Everywhere in Holland one may see milkers, usually father and daughter, traveling along the canals in boats to reach their Holstein herds. They take a tub and rennet with them and, industrious souls, make cheese on their way home.

Go to Alkmaar where cheeses are auctioned off every Friday. On Thursday wagons and boats laden with cannon balls come to town from every direction. At ten o'clock sharp on Friday the auction starts. The scales in the three-century-old weigh-house are got ready, and, to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin (can you believe it?) played on a wonderful old carillon, the bidding begins. Sometimes 125,000 little Edams are sold in a single day.

Science in Pursuit of Crime

Condensed from The Nation (December 25, '29)

Wintbrop D. Lane

Writer on prison reform who has made extensive studies of penal methods both in the United States and abroad

ONCE upon a time disease was believed to be due to the anger of the gods, ill-will of enemies, influence of ancestors, devils, or serpents. The natural causes of disease had not been discovered.

We have been in the same situation in regard to conduct. Acts of men, like disease, have been assigned to many causes, ranging from the influence of the stars to prenatal, original sin. But we know now that men's conduct, like their bodily troubles, can be understood. Psychology has even made it possible to diagnose, in many cases, the difficulties of abnormal minds. Crime is simply one form of undesirable conduct for which the law prescribes penalties. As such it falls within the scope of scientific study.

All this is preliminary to a proper understanding of the penal reforms recently inaugurated in Prussia and Mexico. These two states, one of them old and settled, the other a new, lax community, have astonished the world within recent weeks by announcing that they have no use for the way in which criminals have been handled in the past, that crime flourishes and nothing is done to prevent it — and that they intend to see what hope lies in a scientific approach. The purpose of the new penal reforms is to supplant punishment and incarceration, as such, with the treatment of individual criminals.

To begin with, in the Prussian system the convicted man is not sentenced by the judge. That in itself is revolutionary, for judges are nearly everywhere the sentencers of criminals. After conviction, the offender is turned over to a "sentencing board" which, after considering his whole history and personality, gives the sentence. This is obviously a sensible procedure, for only after diagnosis can there be any intelligent treatment.

Prussia has not adopted one item in the chapter of changes urged by many students of crime, namely, the sentencing of a man for an indefinite rather than a definite term. The idea back of this is that you cannot send a man to a hospital for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be well; so you cannot send a man to prison for a

fixed term, for you do not know when he will be fit to rejoin society. Nevertheless, Prussia has retained the fixed term, or at least the maximum and minimum.

Now comes the man's life in the institution to which he is sent. He is not to be treated as one of a mass; the idea of throwing all prisoners together and doing nothing to alter their mental habits or change their relation to the world around them — that system is resolutely pushed to one side as the practice of a dark age. The prisoner is to be looked at, studied, examined, and treated, not only in the interest of the prisoner, but of society.

A man goes to one institution or another according to the kind of person he is. If he is a long-term offender, he goes to one, if a short-term offender to another; if this is his first crime, he is not grouped with habitual criminals; if he is under 25, he is not placed with older criminals. Special treatment is reserved for those displaying some mental abnormality. Prussia, therefore, proposes a *diversified system of correctional institutions*, designed to meet actual needs, rather than having all its prisons just alike. The development of such a system takes time, and is not to be had simply by adopting a new code. For the time being, Prussia is establishing three groups: short-term offenders, longer-term offenders, and prisoners who give every evidence of being extremely difficult to reform.

More important than anything else is the treatment given the prisoner. Many Prussian prisoners are to be continuously under the eye of the psychiatrists, with a view to removing those causes of maladjustment that have distorted their lives. The technique for such study is well known, though we cannot review it here. But prison psychiatrists will be more interested in a man's beginnings in crime, and the mental and environmental situation that confronted him then, than in details about whether court attendants regarded him as "brazen," and the degree of righteous indignation felt by the judge.

Dramatic and fundamental changes are planned in daily life. When some prisoners have served half their terms, they will find themselves promoted to conditions little dreamed of in prison systems elsewhere. They will occupy rooms with curtains at the windows and no bars; they will eat with silverware instead of tinware, will be allowed to have their own clothing, receive visitors alone, write letters unopened by the censor. The purpose is to cushion the exit to the unfriendly world, and to test the improvement which, it is hoped, will have taken place. More important

still, perhaps, is the opportunity which will be given them to leave the prison daily, lunch basket in hand, to work as free men in neighboring factories and shops under contracts arranged by the prison. Thus they can slowly get accustomed to resuming a normal place in society, can demonstrate their fitness for release, and can earn money with which to start life honestly and effectively.

The new Mexican code will apply only to federal prisoners, but it is hoped that several states will adopt the plan. In theory, the code is more far-reaching than the Prussian reforms. It, too, deprives the judge of sentencing power, placing it in the hands of the Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention, a new body of five members, who are to be psychologists, sociologists, and criminologists. Mexico goes beyond Prussia, however, in making the sentence absolutely indefinite, so that each criminal may be released when those in charge are sure that he is fit to rejoin society — a bold step.

In the hands of the council is placed responsibility for the treatment of prisoners, and this means that all jails, prisons, and reformatories come under its jurisdiction. The purpose of treatment is declared to be redemption rather than punishment, and to that end all the resources of psychology and other sciences are to be brought to bear. Four lines of inquiry are contemplated by the code: social history of the offender; medical examination; psychological and psychiatric study; and a statement of his educational attainments. On the basis of these, diagnosis and treatment are to be made.

One wonders if Mexico has the personnel to do this work. Salvador Mendoza, a member of the commission drafting the new code, writes that "specialists exist thoroughly qualified to carry on the work of social, psychological, medical, and educational investigation embodied in the new code." This would be a boast coming from any other country. It is to be hoped that Mexico has not been carried away by enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, both Prussia and Mexico have shown courage. Each has said: "Conduct has natural causes. It can be studied — in many instances, understood. We propose to bring to bear upon the problem the resources of modern science — and we propose to do this in the interest, not merely of criminals, but of society."

The Sanctions of Peace

Condensed from The Christian Century (December 25, '29)

Salmon O. Levinson

Chicago attorney, father of the plan for the outlawry of war which eventuated in the Pact of Paris

In "The World's Work" for March, '29, appeared an article, "The Nonstop Peace Advocate," by William Hard, condensed in the April issue of "The Reader's Digest." That article describes the amazing evolution of the plan for the outlawry of war, which originated in the brain of Salmon O. Levinson, to its culmination in the Pact of Paris. Mr. Levinson is called a man who has "tipped the world by the oscillations of his own weight." That article adds much to an understanding of the present article. — The Editors.

THE word "sanctions" starting out in life as the embodiment of something sacred, holy, redolent of the altar, has degenerated into a common euphemism for war. It is now a term used to designate penalties to be applied to violators of the Pact of Paris. We must "put teeth into the pact," it is often said. Now "teeth" mean war. Sanctions mean war. So the proposal actually means putting war into the peace pact.

Statesmen here and in Europe, I have found, are coming to recognize that the philosophy of sanctions is in its essence the philosophy of war; that it bestows upon the signatories of peace the legal right to wage war, and turns a peace treaty into a potential military alliance. Force may have its place in this none too virtuous world of ours, but war does not belong in a covenant of peace.

I shall submit for consideration four suggestions for sanctions, not of force, but the far more workable and effective "sanctions of peace" behind the Peace Pact.

1. In the future all annexations and territorial acquisitions by means of war or under the menace of war, or in the presence of an armed force, and all seizures or exactions by force, duress or fraud shall be null and void.

Such a proposal, as Dr. James Brown Scott, the distinguished jurist, has said, "seeks to withdraw the incentive to the use of force by renouncing in advance the fruits of conquest however produced." If it is unlawful to wage war, conquests by war should furnish no legal title. Here is a real sanction, real security — the protection of law. Never again can a nation bent upon conquest acquire indefeasible title to anything. Moreover, the greatest value attaches to this proposal because it blots out once and for all the subtle and abused distinction between aggressive war and defensive war. It would make the exercise of self-defense genuinely

defensive; the use of force would have to stop when its claimed objective of self-defense had been attained. In short, hereafter no title shall pass by any kind of war except the title of a pirate. And if it be asked whether the status quo is to be crystallized under such a law, I would reply, "Do you expect to change the status quo by war?"

2. Any person, or persons, who shall advocate orally or in writing, or cause the publication of any printed matter which shall advocate the use of war between nations, shall be guilty of a felony and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned not less than ..... years.

The basic material for this proposal comes straight from our constitution: "Congress shall have the power to define and punish offenses against the law of nations." The Peace Pact having become the basic law of nations, Congress automatically has the power under our constitution by legislation to punish violators thereof. The United States should take the lead in initiating this salutary legislation as a proper and necessary adjunct of the Peace Pact.

It is about time in the development of civilization that fomenters of international war, be they red or white, capitalistic or communistic, should reckon with the law of their land. Freedom of speech and of the press in any legitimate sense should not and would not be thereby abridged, and I confidently predict for this proposal the support of every American newspaper that has the slightest interest in world peace.

3. The World Peace Court should be given jurisdiction on the petition of an interested nation to investigate the charge of a breach of the Peace Pact. The court to have the power by the free consent of the nations to hear the case in a summary way, its doors open to the press and the public. The court to have no power to enforce its decisions, but merely to ascertain the facts and make reports and decisions in aid of public opinion.

The existence of such power in the court would be the greatest possible deterrent to the violation of the Peace Pact. When a controversy now arises, whether between Poland and Lithuania, Bolivia and Paraguay, or China and Russia, it is next to impossible to get accurate and authentic information of the issues and the right and wrong of the case. This proposal would furnish the best possible channel of information for public opinion. In order that the court may the better understand both sides it is suggested that in such an investigation the membership of the court should include a judge from each of the disputant nations. I favor strong juridical powers in an interna-

tional court but I am as strongly opposed to any power of enforcement. Enforcement spells war.

4. In case of the unfortunate action of any nation which amounts to an actual or immediately threatened breach of the Peace Pact, the signatories agree to communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to acquire the fullest knowledge of the situation, to consider the most efficient pacific measures to be taken jointly or separately to meet the exigencies of the particular situation and to tender friendly advice and offices to any or all the nations involved under the spirit of the Peace Pact. Such agreement to involve no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defense on the part of any signatory.

This method of conference is not unfamiliar to American policy and procedure. Indeed, the foregoing proposal is closely modeled upon the agreement entered into by the United States in what is called the Four Power treaty between the United States, the British Empire, France and Japan. This agreement was signed in 1922 during the life of the war-system, before war had been renounced. It is a precedent par excellence now that war has been outlawed. For, under the Peace Pact we would be meeting the nations in the sole interest of peace, not with commitments to war, but with commitments against war.

With these proposals, doubtless in improved form, accepted and adopted by the governments of the nations, the fetish of force would relax its stranglehold on the world; new and far safer measures of "security" would be provided; dangerous irritations and resentments in the family of nations would be avoided; the lust of conquest would be sterilized by nullifying the ambitious fruits of victory; and the guardianship of peace would be placed where it belongs, in the hands of the people who pay the costs of war in blood and treasure.

In addition, the substitution of sanctions of peace for sanctions of force will immeasurably advance the progress of armament reduction. For the sanctions of force logically require large armies and navies. On the other hand gradual and proportional reduction of armaments is the only sure proof of attained peace. Do we want peace or war?

Shall We Let Our Children Fly?

Condensed from The Parents' Magazine (January, '30)

Clarence D. Chamberlin

Famous trans-Atlantic flyer

THE present age is the age of flying. The boys and girls of this generation are growing up with the airplane just as those of my generation grew up with the automobile. In my young days we used to scorn the boy who could not stand on a street corner and glibly call off the make of any car that passed. Today the modern counterpart of the boy who knew automobiles is fixing his eyes on the heavens and attuning his ears to the sound of an airplane engine. And with fine superiority and an air of authority before his astounded elders he casually identifies every passing plane:

"There goes a Ford tri-motor; that one off to the right is a Bellanca — two of them have flown across the Atlantic; no, that one's a Crescent; over there's a Lockheed." And so on glibly through a list of ships that is as long or longer than the lexicon of the automobile.

Boys of my generation learned to run the automobile without fuss or feathers and, with certain limitations, the boys and girls of this age are going to do the same thing with the airplane. When I was a youngster, my father bought the first automobile in the town where we lived. He had a terrible time learning to run it. He had to take I don't know how many lessons from an expert, and I don't think he ever did entirely conquer a sort of terror inspired by this strange device; the same sort of dread with which some people still regard the airplane. Nobody ever gave me automobile driving lessons — I merely "picked it up" as did thousands of other boys — but I was soon a better driver than my father, simply because I took the automobile for granted and had no inhibitions to overcome.

The same thing is happening to the airplane.

The boys of 1929, who hang around aviation fields and build model airplanes of their own, learn more quickly than those of us who learned to fly in wartime. I have had youngsters of 16 or less in the air with me who handled a plane as well after a few minutes of instruction as I did at the end of two or three hours' despairing effort on the part of my instructors. Actually the student learning to fly today is given about ten hours of dual instruction before he is allowed to

solo, but this is purely for purposes of safety and in nowise contradicts the statement that the average flying student today is more proficient after a given amount of instruction than was his counterpart of 1918.

Of course planes are better now than they were in the hectic days of war training. Motors are more reliable, and planes have progressed far in performance, safety and "fool-proofness." Dangerous ships are still being built, but they are already headed for the scrap heap. Fools will always be able to kill themselves flying, but the time has come when anyone with ordinary "horse sense" can fly without danger.

Flying is the coming thing, and the mothers and fathers of Young America had just as well face the fact that their offspring are not going to be contented on the ground. Unless the parents make an attempt to become air-minded themselves they are likely to be left hopelessly behind the interests of their children in a few years.

I do not mean that they should rush blindly into aviation or allow their children to do so. But fortunately, the government has done much to provide safeguards. Only licensed pilots, using licensed planes, are permitted to give flying instruction, and very soon it will be necessary to have a special instructor's certificate in order to do teaching. In addition, flying schools are to be rated by the government and given "approved" certificates on the basis of equipment, and the rating and experience of the "faculty." This system will do much to eliminate schools concerned only with collecting fees from gullible students.

It seems to me that there has been too much mystery about who can and who cannot fly. The facts are that any healthy, normal boy or girl who can learn to skate or ride a bicycle doesn't need to worry about his or her ability to become a flyer. In the military services so many men want to fly that the government can be absolutely ruthless in choosing only the most desirable military aviators. But the man who wants to use an airplane like an automobile, merely to go somewhere quickly and comfortably, needs no more special physical qualifications than are needed to drive a car. He should be able to see and hear and judge distances, but so should the man who drives a car.

The Department of Commerce wisely requires a physical examination for aviation students. But any person with anywhere near normal eyesight, hearing and health can get by without difficulty. In more than 1000 cases recently considered 85.4 percent qualified and only 14.6 percent failed. Probably two-thirds of the

latter actually could have learned to fly if the government had been willing to "take a chance." Once a man actually has learned to fly, minor defects that may develop are considered of no great consequence and the authorities "give waivers" on them. That means that many fine pilots have physical defects that would bar them as beginners. Hinchcliffe, the famous British airman, lost on an attempted trans-Atlantic flight, had but one eye. Yet he was one of the best pilots in England. Other well-known airmen have managed to get along quite well minus a few fingers, an arm, or even a leg. It isn't necessarily how well equipped you are, but how well you use that equipment.

As to the age at which children should be allowed to take up flying, there will be a difference of opinion. The Department of Commerce regulations are quite definite as to the age of licensed pilots. This is set at 18 for transport pilots (the highest type license available) and 16 for private and limited commercial pilots. Strictly speaking, this Federal legislation applies only to inter-State flying. Some States are following suit by adopting the same regulations, but unfortunately other States are contemplating separate air laws of their own, and if this goes on air traffic — by its very nature a means of long distance travel — will find itself hopelessly confused.

So far as I know, there are no laws anywhere regarding the age at which children may be taken up in airplanes. The age at which a boy or girl should first be allowed to try a hand at the controls of an airplane (in the event the family owns a machine of its own) might, in general, be determined on the same basis as the business of learning to drive the family automobile. As a matter of fact, a modern airplane is easier to fly and much safer, under normal conditions, once it is in the air, than is a car on a crowded road.

Take-offs and landings are a different matter and require careful instruction as well as a good deal of practice. But the confidence which comes from having handled a plane often in the air helps greatly in learning to land and take off.

In general, then, there seems to be no valid reason for believing that a boy or girl who is old enough to drive a car under supervision is not ready to take over the controls of an airplane under similar circumstances.

Why Be a Failure at Learning?

Condensed from The Independent Woman (July, '29)

Edward L. Thorndike, as interviewed by May Carroll

Professor Thorndike, the noted psychologist, is author of "The Psychology of Learning," "The Measurement of Intelligence," etc.

ONE valuable outcome of the experiments which have led up to a new theory of adult learning is the discovery that up to the age of 45 there is practically no subject which the average man or woman of intelligence cannot master if he will. The plain truth of the matter is that the majority of people who are bewailing their lack of success at 45 or 50 haven't the moral fibre to pull themselves out of the doldrums.

The world is full of illustrations of men who have defied the bogey of old age. Cato mastered Greek at 65 or more. Gladstone died at 86 with his intellectual power unimpaired — actually more intelligent than most men of 36. A former student of the University of Kansas went back in 1923, 50 years after his graduation, and received his diploma with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

Plenty of men and women in middle life are out of a job and discouraged, because they have not the courage to try a new vocation for which they are untrained. They will say they are too old to help themselves out of the impasse. But facts do not bear them out.

Plenty of instances may be cited of men who in middle life have adapted themselves to vocations or professions for which they had no specific training. Practically all our college presidents have been recruited from the ranks of teachers and have become administrative officers for the first time at the age of 40 or 50. Their new work has brought a whole new set of faculties into play, quite different from those relied upon during their years of teaching, yet there have been notably few failures among them.

As for presidents of the United States — no one of them was ever specifically trained for his job and all of them have been men of middle age, yet we have had successful presidents, even great presidents. The average man successfully substitutes maturity of judgment for the ardor, the vigor, and the adaptableness of youth.

America's greatest psychologist, William James, said of adult education: "Outside their own businesses the ideas gained by men before they are 25 are prac-

tically the only ideas they shall have in their whole lives. They cannot get anything new. Disinterested curiosity is past, the mental grooves and channels set, the power of assimilation gone."

To test the truth of this doctrine, we conducted our experiments with widely varying groups. We tested adult prison inmates, typical pupils in public evening high schools, and we experimented also with men of university education, paralleling all our experiments with boys and girls in their teens. A number of careful tests contradicted the idea that childhood is the easiest period to learn reading or writing or to understand languages. Similarly in teaching shorthand to adults we discovered that they master the subject with comparative ease, that the greatest facility for learning it exists between the years of 20 and 24, and that there is only a slight difference in facility at the age of 30.

Reports from a group of persons who answered a series of questions developed these interesting facts: that practically anything is learnable up to 50, that there is slightly more difficulty in learning from 40 on than from 30 to 39, except in the acquisition of food habits; that the difficulty from 30 to 40 is no greater than for childhood or adolescent years in the case of intellectual acquisitions pure and simple, and that, in general age influences the power of intellectual acquisitions very much less than it influences motor skill. We discovered, also, that the difficulty of learning at late ages is due in part to ridicule, adverse comment, and undesired attention.

To determine how much difference there was between the man of average and the man of above average intellect, we studied the histories of Methodist clergymen, basing our conclusions upon the salaries they drew over a period of years from 30 to 70. We divided the clergymen into four groups, those whose median salary was under $1000 and who presumably represented the man of distinctly average ability; those whose salary ranged from $1000 to $1499; those whose salary ranged from $1500 to $1999 and those who earned $2000 and over. All four groups showed a rise in salary from 30 to about 40, maintained their salary at even grade from 40 to about 56 and showed a decline in earnings after 56.

In a similar way we examined into the careers of a group of eminent men: statesmen, men of affairs, reformers, scientists. We discovered that for men of these classes who lived to be 60 years of age and over, the median age for achievement of the masterpiece was 45 years for scientists and 51 years for men of affairs. The "prime of life" is thus at nearly

the same age for these men as for the clergymen — with a salary of $1000 or less.

The difficulty with many people who were mentally quick and learned easily when they were in their teens is that they expect their minds to work just as fast when they take up some new subject of study at 35 or 40. And of course they do not — at first. But the reason is not that their mentality is impaired. It is simply that they have interrupted the habit of study for so long a time that they have to build up a new habit, and sometimes it is a slow process. The middle-aged man or woman resuming study after several years of mental inertia will find that each day he applies himself the task grows easier, and some day he may find himself competing with youngsters on their own terms. At Teachers College, Columbia University, we once had as students at the same time a father about 60 years old, and his two sons. The sons were extremely able students, but the father, as I remember it, got a little better grades than they did.

How often a woman untrained for business becomes discouraged with job hunting if her husband's death or some other catastrophe forces her to become self supporting at 40. She should train herself just as the young woman of 20 does. She should, for example, take a course in stenography and typewriting with real enthusiasm and fit herself for secretarial work.

When the New York Central Railroad changed over to electrified engines it met the situation not by replacing the engineers who had driven its steam locomotives by accomplished motormen, but by teaching those engineers to run motor-propelled trains.

I do not mean that a man or woman thrown upon his own resources in middle life can overnight make himself efficient in a vocation for which he has had no training, or that he will attack a course of study with all the vigor of an adolescent boy or girl. But he can get back his oldtime facility if he will, and that is what is important for him to be assured of.

AN "ORIGINS CONTEST"

Read the interesting origin of the term "lynching" on the inside front cover. Then send us other brief explanations of the origin of any words (including slang) or familiar expressions. Five dollars will be paid for each contribution printed.

Contributions should be typewritten, and if quoted from a published work, the source must be given. Unused material will not be returned or acknowledged except by request. Address the Contest Editor, THE READER'S DIGEST, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Serving with Soldier Elephants

Condensed from The American Boy–Youth's Companion (January, '30)

Captain Graham Archibald Hope

IN India, at one time, elephants were used to draw batteries of artillery. I served with such a battery and learned that Hathi, as we call her in India, is in some ways a fine, and in some ways a terrible, soldier. I say "her," because we used only cow elephants. Bulls are far too uncertain of temper to be used for draft.

By far the queerest fact about elephants is that the great majority never have seen a man, except to run away from him, till they are full grown. Yet, in spite of being one of the shyest of animals in the wild, Hathi needs no more than a year's gentling and training to become a peaceful, hard-working friend of man.

But temperamental. While a cow elephant is ordinarily more gentle than a horse, she may become annoyed, and then the results are startling. I knew one gigantic cow, Sylvia by name, who made up her mind that railroad traveling was not for her. Special trucks are provided on Indian railways for elephants, and into one of these Sylvia was led. She was perfectly quiet till the truck was fastened up. Then she lifted up her attendant and placed him outside, after which, without effort or hurry, she smashed the truck to matchwood and stepped out of the ruins!

We realized at once that she had handed her man out so that he might not get hurt. The railway made two more trucks, especially for her. But Sylvia preferred traveling on her own feet, and in the game of railway company versus Sylvia, Sylvia won.

Elephants are useless under fire because they are subject to panic. Of nothing are they so afraid as of the singing of bullets, unless it be a small dog, or worse still, a mouse. I know of a case in which the flank elephant of a battery was frightened by a stray bullet from a range. When one elephant bolts, the rest will follow. The result was a stampede. The white gunners on the limbers tumbled off at once, but the mahouts stuck to their places. When they regained control, six or eight miles further on, there was nothing left for the elephants to pull — everything in the six gun carriages had been scattered over the landscape.

But normally, cow elephants behave very well and enjoy using

their strength. To see them at their best you must watch them getting the guns up steep, rocky slopes. Literally, they get down to their job, crawling up particularly bad slopes on their bellies. And they always get the guns up. I never knew an elephant that was a quitter.

One hears a lot about elephants' memories, and not without reason. I remember a new elephant that joined the battery. After the very first parade, as soon as the elephants had been stripped, she and an old battery elephant who had well over 20 years of service, made a dash at each other, twined their trunks, thumped each other, and gurgled and squeaked as elephants do when they are specially pleased with life. Finally, they lumbered off to the water trough, holding trunks and chattering. If, as the mahouts said, they were old friends, their friendship must have dated from jungle days. After 20 years, they had recognized each other. After all, 20 years is not a great slice out of an elephant's life, which runs to well over 100. There was an elephant in our battery known to have been in captivity for 70 years, who showed no sign of failing strength!

Elephants show good sense when they are under medical treatment. Hathi usually knows that the doctor is working to relieve pain. One elephant in a London zoo had an abscess on the jaw, which had to be lanced. The first cut, which made him scream with pain and bolt away, was not enough. The surgeon was nervous about making a second incision. The keeper, however, knew better, and after petting his charge awhile, told him to come back. Jumbo came, though he was trembling with fear, and of his own accord put down his head and allowed the cut to be made.

When hot weather comes, you give elephants a cooling medicine, a pill camouflaged with sugar. Usually Hathi bites into the nasty medicine and spits the pill out. Then two men must force her mouth open while a third rams in the pill. Hathi owns herself beaten, and, to judge by the movements of her throat, swallows the pill. But watch her. When she thinks no one is looking she turns to blow some dust at the flies on her flank, and then turns back again, as innocent as you please. But mahouts know even more than elephants, and one of them goes round to pick up the pill that Hathi has stowed in her cheek till she saw a chance to spit it out again. This is too much for her. She bolts, a mahout after her. Presently he leads her back by the ear, yelling blue murder like a naughty child. Then she gives in, swallows the pill, opens her mouth to show that it is gone, and

then pitches into her big flour cakes.

The funny thing is that she never makes any real use of her strength. If she did, only a locomotive could oppose her. Yet a little brown man lugs her along much as he would a protesting youngster.

Hathi is sometimes playful, but her humor is on a dangerously large scale. We had one elephant in our battery who loved a joke. She played one on me, one day. She with other elephants had been bathing, and as I was riding in the evening, I met them going home. They were all feeling good, especially the joke merchant, who had no man on her neck. When I was near the herd she suddenly cocked her ears, rolled up her trunk tight, trumpeted like a wild bull elephant, and charged. We didn't wait for her, my horse and I. Of course she couldn't catch us, and I don't suppose she wanted to. What she wanted to do — and did — was to scare us stiff and make us run. When I pulled up and looked round, I saw her capering about after the manner of her five-ton kind, waving her trunk and laughing. Yes, laughing! An elephant laughs all right, with a sort of shrill, cackling squeak. Her pals were laughing too. They laughed all the way home, and when I went to see the elephants fed, the joke merchant was still chuckling.

Elephants can think for themselves, and seem to have a rough code of conduct. The biggest elephant in the battery, Anarkully, was a bad bully. She had thrashed all her companions, except one, called Sooksoondry. She made a special victim of Zirra, a very small elephant. Managing to get loose one night, she went over to Zirra and began to hammer her without mercy.

Sooksoondry was the one I mentioned as having 70 years of service. She was, perhaps, the strongest cow elephant I ever saw. If a tethered elephant really wants to get loose, she can generally manage it, and hearing Zirra's laments, she got loose and went across to take a hand. She began by butting the bully in the ribs, knocking her endways. Then she cut loose and thrashed the other elephant into submission, finally driving her back to her place. After that Anarkully let the other elephants alone. I might add that she was Sooksoondry's leader, and as she would always shirk pulling if she could, it is quite likely that they had had words before, which came to a head in this matter.

Good companions, and good workers — elephants — and though they proved useless under fire, I couldn't help feeling a pang of regret when they got their discharge from the service.

Overproduction?

Excerpt from Plain Talk (November '29)

Clarence Darrow

Internationally known lawyer and liberal thinker

WE often hear, in these days, of "overproduction." But is there really any surplus of grain or any other commodity on the Earth? While Americans are no doubt better fed and clothed than any other people in the world, still the great majority of men and women are really poor. They need better homes, more food, greater leisure, and almost everything incident to real civilization. Only a small fraction of our people never feel the fear of want, never worry over rent and food and clothes. The vast majority never have the moderate luxuries and leisure they deserve and ought to have. Even though the need in America might not be great, we live in a famished world. A world that has always toiled for small returns, a world that goes to sleep at night with terrible visions of penniless old age, of desires unfulfilled, of hopes that can not be realized, of dreams that never come true. They awaken in the morning pursued by the gaunt wolf of want and harassed by the poverty of their lives.

There has never been a surplus of food or clothing or shelter or joy.

Whether we have the imagination to feel any sympathy for the needy of other lands or not, yet our own prosperity is irrevocably bound up with them. The American farmer has always shipped a large portion of his food to other countries. From the nature and extent of our territory and soil he always will. His concern is to sell more instead of less, and to make friends instead of enemies abroad. Of course, to sell to Europe means to buy there in return. There has never been any world surfeit of food, and most likely there never will be. Under proper human relations there can be no overproduction while anyone is poor. If there could be too much while all have plenty then we could rest and play, which would be well. Neither food nor any other thing of value is now produced to satisfy wants, but is made to sell. It is not needs but markets that command the attention of statesmen.

Our machines long ago solved the problem of production. Why should not our statesmen and captains of industry use their genius and experience for the solution of the pressing problem of distribution? If this were undertaken and accomplished, a world free from want and the dread of poverty would be followed by a reward far more satisfying and abiding than wealth and power and position could possibly yield.

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce gives the following interesting figures:

1% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $10,000 and over. 1½% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $7,000 to $10,000. 3% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $5,000 to $7,000. 3½% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $3,000 to $5,000. 4% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $2,000 to $3,000. And 87% of all men in the U. S. have incomes of $2,000 or less.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

IF you have a dog, and are interested, we can tell you how much it will cost to have its eyebrows plucked — one dollar. It used to be $3, but prices are down. A permanent wave, however, still costs $15, shampoos from $4 to $15, depending on the size of the dog and how much trouble it makes, and brushing the teeth comes to $2. All prices quoted are from Mr. and Mrs. King, who own the Variety Dog & Cat Beauty Parlor in 50th Street, and make a specialty of such matters. They have a steady trade, they say. Gloria Swanson's big sheep dog comes in regularly, six times a year, for shampooing, paying the maximum price, $15, because his hair is so long that it touches the ground, and it takes hours to do anything with it. Peggy Joyce owns 22 griffons and Evelyn Thaw 3, all of whom are customers. One of Evelyn Thaw's dogs is 14 years old and is troubled a good deal with rheumatism, so it gets the violet-ray treatment ($10) besides. Cats, of course, cannot be washed: they get rheumatism sure. The Kings are in possession of a formula for dry-cleaning cats which is used elsewhere only for the Sacred Cats of the Royal Household of Siam, whose cats are envied by all crowned heads of Asia. Mr. King got the formula (it's secret) from Mr. Sali Slaymuai, Head Keeper of the Sacred Cats, whom he met one time in Paris.

Of the many stories that have been retold about Clemenceau since his death, we liked this especially. The great men of the Peace Conference were sitting around a big table striving to select just the right man for the job of Secretary General of the League of Nations. The fingers of Destiny poked here and there, trying to locate the best person for this important position; the mighty voices argued, suggested, and opposed. Meanwhile the Tiger, who was getting bored with all the conversation, began to doze in his chair, as he used to do in the long afternoons of the Conference proper, his gray-gloved hands clasped across his stomach. When he came out of this particular lapse, with a start, he noticed that there was only one man in the room who wasn't saying anything, just standing there. "Who is that man?" Clemenceau asked, leaning toward Lloyd George. "Why," said the British Premier, "he's my secretary." "Good," replied Clemenceau. "We'll give him the job — he never says anything." With which the aged gentleman closed his eyes again. The postscript is, of course, that the secretary in question, who happened to be Sir Eric Drummond, did get the job, and is still Secretary General today, a testimonial to Clemenceau's good judgment — or lucky wit.

There is very little privacy any more, not even at public dinners. When the Actors' Fund honored its celebrities with an all-star enter-

tainment the Eskimo Pie Corporation paid Daniel Frohman $10,000 for the privilege of broadcasting the funny sayings and the songs. We understand that this is coming to be regarded as an important source of revenue now, and dinners are held not so much to be eaten as to be broadcast. Nothing is done for its own sake any more; there must always be a hook-up. If a Henry David Thoreau should turn up today, we are quite sure that the sizzling of his little skillet in the woods would be heard in 48 states through the courtesy of a Baking Powder Company, and that he would be widely advertised in all newspapers as endorsing a certain brand of potato bug.

We have heard a story about Mr. Hearst's great estate at San Simeon, California — the one with 20 miles or so of ocean front, where something big is always going on. (It is said, by the way, that the publisher does not intend to have work on it completed, being superstitious on that point — feels that if the work stopped, he would stop too.) Recently a new wing was to be built and Mr. Hearst learned that, to make way for this, a fine old oak tree must come down. He demurred. He was sentimental about the oak — his father's favorite seat had been under its shade. Tree surgeons were called in. They probed around and reported that the roots had spread so far that the tree could never be moved. Mr. Hearst insisted. The tree surgeons finally said they would try it — if they could have the help of some construction engineers. The best engineers available were called in. It was an enormous operation that followed; trenches were dug, the tree was enclosed in a wide circle of cement and finally, with derricks and cranes, the entire mass — tree, roots, soil, and cement, the whole weighing tons — was moved to the top of a hill. At the end, the tree surgeons presented, fearfully, their bill. It was for $150,000. Mr. Hearst glanced at it and smiled.

A year or so ago, everybody, including Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was urging the owners of hot dog stands to do something about the disgraceful appearance of the countryside. Now that we look around at the results we're not sure that everybody shouldn't have kept quiet. Prosperous and willing, the roadside people leapt into the spirit of the thing. Down came the old bill-plastered frame hut with the Moxie sign, and up went a thatched roof replica of an English tavern. Up, also, went Chinese pagoda rôtisseries, Spirit of St. Louis waffle dens, goody shops in the shape of cornucopias, and restaurants in the shape of the letter "Q". In the old unregenerate days, the roadside places used to be pretty bad, heaven knows, but they at least had a kind of indigenous appearance, like Indian shell mounds. Now what we have is a permanent World's Fair on every highway. Well, we asked for it, and by golly we got it.

Aviation has a big plate-glass show window in 57th Street. Just inside the window is a toy plane on a small table. At one end of the table is a big wind machine, and at the other end a chair. You can sit in the chair, reach under the table, and take

hold of a regulation stick and throttle; with your feet you can operate a regular rudder-bar. The throttle makes the wind machine go. The rudder-bar and stick are connected with the plane, and, when you manipulate them, miniature ailerons and rudders on the toy work exactly as they do on a big plane. All that is now needed to make the plane actually fly is to get up a ground speed of 70 miles an hour — the speed at which this ship rises in the air. The inventor of this toy finally solved that problem — and the plane does rise in the air. You open the throttle until the wind machine blows upon the plane at the rate of 70 miles an hour. Then you pull back your stick, as in a real plane, and up she goes, rising on an oiled and lightly balanced piston rod. By working your ailerons you can make it bank; decrease the wind velocity, and the ship makes a graceful landing. It's exactly the same as flying except you don't go up with the ship; which is, in its way, a big advance.

The device is used in the Curtiss Flying Service's ground schools to give student pilots preliminary training and, in this store, to stimulate sales. Any visitor is permitted to make the thing go. The wind machine roars so loudly, however, that big crowds gather. One layman we saw was so flustered by his audience that he shut off the wind and crashed. He was pale, but unhurt.

When the big steamship companies set their sailings at midnight, it triples the strain put on the Pilots' Association. Three times as many persons as formerly miss the "visitors ashore" bell, get carried down the harbor, and have to be dropped, with the pilot, off Sandy Hook. The pilots regard the matter as a nuisance, but the passengers are apt to be exhilarated by the adventure — which has its perils. They are rowed in a bobbing dory from the liner to one of the two pilot boats of the Port, which also bob a bit. They get a bunk for the night and a hearty breakfast next morning — if they feel like a hearty breakfast — and then are sent home by tug, all free of charge. Men are the more numerous offenders; drink the principal cause. On the memorable night when the Tunneys sailed, seven persons stayed on board too long and had to make the trip to Sandy Hook.

The Topper, that little contraption made with the gilt wire prongs, which fits into paper cigarette packages and prevents them from crumpling, was invented by one Mr. Joseph McEnery. He used to be in the furniture business in Brooklyn; then, although under 40, he retired and removed to Flushing, where he spent most of his time at golf. One day, while on the links, he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and found all his smokes broken. He decided then and there to invent a device to prevent this. For many evenings during the following months he worked in a mechanic's shop near his home, and eventually he emerged with an invention which, being taken up by the big cigar-store chains, paid him more in royalties last month than he ever made in the furniture business in a year.

This Ever-Changing Business World

Excerpts from The Business Week

HAVE you ever given any thought to the why of the movement in business for 16 or 17 vice-presidents? At first it seems a bit ridiculous. But is it?

In the early days of business, men went in for themselves and built up their own enterprises, some small, some sizable. The multiplication of vice-presidents is Management's attempt to reëstablish the old days. Departmental or functional units take the place of a complete business, but they give each vice-president a sense of running a complete section or function of the enterprise, with a label that tells the world of his importance to the business.

Thus has a system been devised for creating the psychological value of the old individual business. This system keeps able men on the job — men who, with lesser titles and less clearly defined responsibilities, would be restless and unhappy enlisted under any banner other than their own. — *Robert R. Updegraff.*

Group insurance, newest class of protection, is to be available to banks anxious to cover losses due to death of borrowers. The death of the individual will not then endanger or delay collection of the loan. No insurance, of course, accrues to the individual. A flat rate of $1 per month per thousand dollars loaned has been fixed as a tentative rate. Personal, unsecured loans will be covered.

A new note in mergers was sounded with the organization of the Consolidated Public Service Corporation, linking a chain of hotels and apartment houses with the laundry and linen supply business. This first concern of its kind in the United States takes over control of three Los Angeles corporations: Consolidated Hotels, the Home Service Co., and the United Linen Supply Co.: total assets, $12,000,000.

Consolidated Hotels operates under lease 106 hotels and apartment houses in Los Angeles. Home Service Co. handles about 45 percent of the local laundry work. United Linen Supply Co. combines five concerns doing half the city's linen supply business.

Hotels and furnished apartments contribute heavily to the business of laundries and linen supply houses.

The Greyhound organization, operator of transcontinental buses, in which the Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania, and Great Northern participate jointly, has acquired a state wide bus system in Texas.

The Union Pacific through a subsidiary, Interstate Transit Lines, has inaugurated a transcontinental bus line (Los Angeles-New York).

A recently-established laboratory is searching for new uses or products of refined sugar, one of the most

interesting of which is flavored and tinted sugar dominoes — lemon, orange, lime — for afternoon tea. . . . Very creditable samples of artificial rubber have been produced from sugar, though so far purely on a laboratory basis.

A device recently invented in England eliminates the nuisance of the telephone operator's "They do not answer." In the absence of the subscriber the device takes down a message. This is but one of a number of inventions made by Louis Blattner in recording and reproducing sound. He has produced a telephone registration machine which controls, records and files an entire telephone conversation, including any remarks by the operators or busybodies on the wrong line.

New developments in handling perishable foodstuffs are on their way to Main Street with the increasing production of chemical ice — carbon dioxide in solid form.

Chicagoans can buy direct from packing house branches, cuts of meat kept fresh by the new refrigerant; so can customers of a well-known New York grocery chain. No butcher need be employed, the meat being handled over the counter like any other packaged goods. Butchers who have been in the habit of buying sides of beef, lamb, pork, or veal, thus having a fixed ratio of unpopular portions to dispose of, can now keep on hand larger supplies of those individual cuts most in demand locally, receiving them ready-packed with chemical ice.

Ice-cream makers have used chemical ice successfully for several years. It has opened new outlets for fruits and fish. Orange and grapefruit growers use it to freeze the pulp or juice of their surplus crops. This can be kept in cold storage till the "off" season; then sold to consumers in small containers kept cool by the same refrigerant.

American Can Co. is reported to be aiding Eastman Kodak in the development of an entirely new type of container for food products which may largely displace glass and metal. The new material is a cellulose compound discovered accidentally by the Eastman laboratories in experimental film work. This is the first discovery of a cellulose container strong enough to stand up under acids and wear. It is said to be nearly as strong as metal, as transparent as glass, and lighter in weight than either of them.

The business man of St. Louis flying to Chicago to keep a downtown appointment spends 2 hours in the air, 2½ hours getting to and from airports. But St. Louis is building an airport 15 minutes from the business center; Chicago is planning an amphibian plane shuttle service between the main landing field and the lake front near the loop district.

The grocery manufacturers of the country are establishing a chain of central warehouses in the principal cities. The operation of these central distribution points will be directed by

the Association. A grocer will be able to send a truck to the warehouse and load everything needed for a delivery to a retail store. Collection of grocery items will not entail a trip to widely scattered warehouses for different items as is the case today in most cities.

The manufacturers, in short, are coöperating to do one of the supposed functions of the wholesalers. The announcement of the plan was made at the annual convention of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America.

The National Tire Dealers' Association and the Automobile Tire Dealers of America merged at their Chicago meeting. The new organization — the United Tire Stores of America — is to be a coöperative buying agency for 5000 tire dealers. Presumably the affiliated dealers mean to win lower prices or more liberal terms from the manufacturers.

Group banks can earn more money than the same banks as independent institutions, says the Northwest Bancorporation. The institution was founded in January, 1929. In the first ten months of existence its 5 banks became 82 in 69 cities, with resources of $462,000,000.

"Abundant evidence is available to show that the group banking plan is gaining favor and indications are that, in the absence of legalized branch banking, this development likely will continue," says E. W. Decker, president of Northwest Bancorporation.

In the eight states in which it operates, Northwest Bancorporation now has in its resources an average of 9.2 percent of all the banking resources. In Minnesota it now controls 22.6 percent of all banking resources, 14.8 percent in South Dakota, 12.8 percent in North Dakota, 8.1 percent in Nebraska, 5.6 percent in Iowa, 9.9 percent in Montana, 2.5 percent in Washington and 0.9 percent in Wisconsin.

Rather startling is the idea advanced by Raymond S. Jewett, president of The Associated School Boards and Trustees of the State of New York, that schools be equipped with radios in each classroom and that the state educational departments broadcast instruction by specialists in various subjects.

"It would be perfectly feasible," says Mr. Jewett, "for the Education Department to prepare and broadcast programs during the whole school session each day which would enable many schools materially to reduce their instructional expense and give the smaller schools many advantages in the way of a varied program which they are now unable to have on account of the expense."

There seems no reason, with radio and the talking motion picture, why we should not centralize some of our school instructional service so that the best teachers in each line may multiply their effectiveness, and each community benefit by this expert instruction, much as our modern chain stores benefit by centralized accounting, purchasing, etc., administered by high-calibre men. — *Robert R. Updegraff.*

Repartee

Contributions from readers

Five dollars each has been paid for the following anecdotes, submitted in response to the announcement in the January issue of THE READER'S DIGEST. Further examples of repartee by well-known persons are solicited. The source, if quoted from a published work, must be given.

A definition of repartee: "Saying on the spot what you think of the next day."

++

Perhaps the wittiest and most graceful tribute ever spoken by a man of his wife was said by Joseph H. Choate.

Someone asked him: "Mr. Choate, if you could not be yourself, whom would you rather be?"

Instantly came the reply: "Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Contributed by William I. Jones, Yuma, Colo.

++

That Henry Ward Beecher was spared much embarrassment by his quickness at repartee is illustrated by the following story:

One evening, as he was in the midst of an impassioned speech, someone attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeal might be lost.

He stopped, listened until the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.

"Morning already!" he said; "my watch is only ten. But there can be no mistake about it; the instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

Contributed by Harry Heebner, 232 E. Johnson St., Germantown, Pa.

++

Cardinal Vaughn and Dr. Felix Adler were sitting next to one another at luncheon.

"Now, Dr. Adler," said the Cardinal, "when may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?" The rabbi replied without pause, "At your Eminence's wedding."

Contributed by Mrs. A. H. Wait, 434 W. 120 St., N. Y. C.

++

When asked how it was that in pictures and statues angels are always represented as women or young men without beards or mustaches, Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, replied:

"Everyone knows that women naturally inherit the kingdom of Heaven, but the men get in only by a very close shave."

Contributed by John Davies, Gettysburg, Pa.

++

Rutherford B. Hayes told of an incident when he and two class-

mates were strolling in the suburb of Cambridge while students at Harvard. They saw a venerable looking man with white flowing beard approaching, and in the exuberance of youth hurriedly decided upon a prank to play upon him. One hailed him with: "Good morning, Father Abraham," the second, "Good morning, Father Isaac" and the third with extended hand said: "How-do-you-do, Father Jacob?"

The old man stepped back and placed his hands behind him and replied: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken, I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to find his father's asses, and lo! I have found them." (I. Sam. 9:3.)

The nineteenth President said that lesson had lasted him through a lifetime.

Contributed by Mrs. B. P. Hall, Doniphan, Mo.

++

The aptness of John Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved.

"Sir," said a blustering low-lived man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down; "Sir, I never make way for a fool."

"I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

Contributed by A. F. Knapp, Williamstown, N. Y.

++

William Dean Howells was a stout opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write books about vice.

"Such writers," said Mr. Howells at a luncheon, "remind me of a lad whose mother said to him:

"'Why Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear!'

"'No, I'm not, mother,' the boy replied, 'I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.'" *New York Tribune.*

Contributed by Frank P. Jordan, Scranton, Pa.

++

Dr. Martin Luther was discussing the doctrine of God with an infidel. When the question arose about God's being from all time — having had no beginning and having no end, the infidel asked: "Tell me, Doctor, what was God doing before the earth was created?"

Luther replied: "He was sitting in a birch-tree, making switches for people who ask such foolish questions." — Luthers' *Table Talks.*

Contributed by W. Martin Rupprecht, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.

++

It was reported to the late Dr. McCosh, while president of Princeton University, that a party was being held in one of the dormitories, "after hours." Thither the good Doctor wended his way to investigate. To his knock at the door came the response, "Who's that?"

"It's me," replied the Doctor.

"Who's me?" came the query.

"Dr. McCosh," answered the Doctor.

"You're a liar; if it had been old Jimmy he would have said, 'It is I'; go about your business" — which Dr. McCosh said he did, on tiptoe, and refrained from telling the story for at least four years!

Contributed by Maud Thompson, Glen Ridge, N. J.

++

Theodore Roosevelt, while addressing a large Progressive Republican gathering in the election campaign of 1912, criticized the doctrines and methods of the Democratic party. On concluding his address, a Democrat who happened to be present in the audience and who objected to some of Mr. Roosevelt's remarks began to question the speaker.

"Mr. Roosevelt," he asked, "why are you a Republican?"

"Because my father and grandfather were both Republicans!" was the reply.

"What would you be if your father and grandfather both had been horse-thieves?" again asked the Democrat.

"I'd be a Democrat," Mr. Roosevelt replied.

Contributed by Irving Davidson, 3022 E. 7th St., Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

++

Among recent English politicians there has been no one readier with the witty and discomfiting retort than Mr. Lloyd George. Addressing some Welsh farmers he once said, "We will have home rule for Ireland and for England and for Scotland and for Wales."

"And for hell," interposed a deep, half-drunken voice.

"Quite right," replied Lloyd George. "I like to hear a man stick up for his own country." — From *Prophets, Priests, and Kings* by A. G. Gardiner.

Contributed by C. Clarke Oke, Echo Bay, Ont.

++

Bishop Watterson tells the story of how a drummer on a train mistook him (the Bishop) for another commercial traveler, and asked him if he represented a big house.

"Biggest on earth," said the Bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?" queried the drummer.

"Lord & Church," replied the imperturable Bishop.

"Hum', Lord & Church, never heard of it. Got any branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world," said the Bishop.

"That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Hats and caps?"

"Not that either."

"Oh, dry goods, I suppose."

"Well, said the Bishop, "some call it notions." — From *Louisville Times*.

Contributed by Harry Heebner, Germantown, Pa.

RHETA CHILDE DORR (p. 871) has had an extensive journalistic career both in this country and abroad. Her writings include: "What Eight Million Women Want," "Inside the Russian Revolution," "A Soldier's Mother in France," and a biographical study of Susan B. Anthony.

MICHAEL GOLD (p. 875) is editor of the "New Masses." He was born on the East Side in New York City and went to work at 13. His writings include two books and three plays. His "Fiesta" was recently produced by the Provincetown Players.

HUGHES MEARNS (p. 879) is a professor of education at New York University. He is also a major in the United States Officers' Reserve Corps. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Creative Youth," and "Lions in the Way." He is widely known as a leader in the progressive education movement.

FANNIE HURST (p. 896) has made special studies of the stage and the shop girl. She is the author of many short stories and numerous novels, one of which, "Mannequin," was awarded the $50,000 prize given by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

KONRAD BERCOVICI (p. 900) was born in Rumania and came to the United States in 1916.

GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD (p. 903) was Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. in France and commanded the Marines at Château-Thierry. He is now President of the Radio Corporation of America.

ROBERT BENCHLEY (p. 906) writer and editor, has been associate editor of the "New York Tribune Sunday Magazine," Secretary to the Aircraft Board at Washington, D. C., managing editor of "Vanity Fair," and dramatic editor of "Life." He is the author of "Of All Things," "Love Conquers All," "The Early Worm," etc.

CHARLES FRANKLIN KETTERING (p. 909), engineer and manufacturer, is now president and general manager of the General Motors Research Corporation. He invented, perfected, and put on the market the Delco Light for lighting farmhouses and is at present vice president of the Delco-Light Company.

JOHN ASHLEY GIBSON (p. 912) has been associated with many British publications, including the "Literary World," "T. P.'s Weekly" and "The World." He has also made special studies in the Malayan Archipelago, has engaged in journalism in the Far East, and has served as assistant curator for the Imperial War Museum. He has written a number of books.

SALMON O. LEVINSON (p. 939) is a lawyer who specializes in the reorganization of industrials and railroads. He has reorganized the Westinghouse Company, the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company and others. International peace has been his hobby, and by his application to it he has (in the words of William Hard) "tipped the world by the oscillations of his own weight."

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE (p. 945) has been professor of psychology at Teachers College (Columbia) since 1904. He is the author of many books on psychology, and education.

Convenient Subscription Order

FOR YOUR OWN OR A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION!

READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC., Pleasantville, New York

Please enter this subscription to The Reader's Digest for.....year(s) beginning with the.....issue. I enclose remittance of $.....

Two Years, $5.00 *One Year*, $3.00

Send to: *Name*.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Send Gift Announcement from.....

Nuts to Crack!

WHEN reading has made a full man of you, try cracking a few nuts! That is, when the splendid fare between the covers of this copy has made you replete, tickle your appetite and test the excellence of your "digestion" by recalling the connection in which the excerpts below were used. They all appear in this issue.

Little girls in yellow blossomed like dandelions all over the world.

Down with the corset and up with the hemline!

You cannot send a man to prison for a fixed term, because you do not know when he will be fit to rejoin society.

There has never been a surplus of food or clothing or shelter or joy.

No, a theusend tehms Neuh!

A man who has "tipped the world by the oscillations of his own weight."

She was humble and liked to call herself a work horse. But she was also a buttinsky.

Science turns a blind eye to the trail of human suffering that follows its achievements.

The British workman wants to lean against a bar and take his beer straight. He likes to sit down afterward and smoke, and talk. Above all he does not want his women around.

On the eve of St. Valentine's Day of 1865, a wealthy bachelor got his envelopes mixed.

A better international understanding will exist when faces as well as voices become familiar throughout the world.

The law making the wearing of hats compulsory had to be enforced by armed men.

"Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole."

Experts are people who are paid to tell you what you cannot do.

Ford got out Model A because he had to. If he had been a government, or a charity, Model T might still have been "good enough."

Of course we all know the conversational supermen: Their fish are always bigger, their scores lower, their losses greater, their winnings larger, their operations dreadfuler than our own.

Who would have dared in that tragic hour to beg a truce in the furious battle to secure a cooling draft of water!

Vigil lights flicker upon the slab, lighting up the faces of old and young kneeling on the muddy ground.